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There Are No Little Things

By J. Golden Kimball, of the First Council of Seventy

We honor, revere and admire great preachers, soldiers, statesmen, physicians and men of letters, but we cannot help loving a man who is kind, charitable, merciful, just and forgiving.

President Seymour B. Young took the time to be gracious, gentle, courteous and considerate to old and young alike. He was ever ready to visit the sick, comfort his old comrades; was big hearted and generous to the widow and fatherless; he was forgiving to the sinner, and no doubt unconsciously influenced the lives of many neglected, forgotten souls and helped them over the hill, to find just around the corner the kingdom of heaven "in earth, as it is in heaven."

He learned what true greatness is. He comprehended his Master's teachings. The answer to true greatness is: "Whoever will be great among you, let him be your minister." Brother Young was a superior soul clothed upon with the spirit of faith, humility, loyalty and integrity. He had one great big idea: it was to love God, and his Son Jesus Christ, and to serve them. He was a witness for God, and ever and always prepared to testify that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God and the gospel of Jesus Christ as revealed through him is true. There is a homely old hymn which assures us that "Kind words can never die." Abraham Lincoln, a great and good man, said: "When they lay me away, let it be said of me that as I traveled along life's road I always endeavored to pull a thistle and plant a rose in its stead." Brother Young was like that.

In our mad rush, do we stop to consider the tremendous consequences that come from little things—a chance word—a kindly shake of the hand—a friendly tap on the shoulder. Bruce Barton said: "I am tempted to think that *nothing dies*—and that there are no little things." President Seymour B. Young's state of mind took the form of praise, thanksgiving and aspiration to become more and more like his Master. I am grateful, although sorrowful over the separation, that our comrade, our President, at the age of 87, has made a safe return home, a place of fulfilment, of reward; a place of freedom, of knowledge, of growth, of progress, of harmony, of ecstasy; a place where love rules, where peace is, where the pure desire is granted. It is a place where truth is understood clearly. It is a place where every hope and aspiration reaches fruition, accomplishment, achievement. That's what Jesus told us to pray for, and he worded the prayer. I am truly sorry that after all Brother Young's praying, he had to die to realize the fulfilment, reward, freedom, knowledge, growth, progress, harmony, love, birth, fruition, achievement and ecstasy.

Salvation is the greatest gift of God. Brother Young paid the price, and the gates will be left ajar for his entrance into the Kingdom of God, as it is in heaven.

PRESIDENT SEYMOUR BICKNELL YOUNG

Born, Kirtland, Ohio, October 3, 1837; came to Salt Lake Valley, September 29, 1850; died in Salt Lake City, December 15, 1924.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL*

BY ORSON F. WHITNEY, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

John the Revelator

In the ninety-sixth year of the Christian Era an Apostle of Jesus Christ found himself on a desolate island in the midst of the Aegean sea. That island was Patmos, the Roman Siberia, a place of imprisonment for banished criminals. The Apostle was John, the same who is called John the Revelator, and is referred to in the New Testament as the disciple "whom Jesus loved." He was the sole survivor of the original Twelve, commissioned by our Savior to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Well and faithfully had they performed their part. In the short space of fifty years they had traversed the Roman Empire, from Scythia on the north to Ethiopia on the south, from India on the east to Britain on the west, and had lifted the gospel standard in every considerable city of that vast realm, comprising the then known world. But it had cost them their lives. They had fallen as martyrs "for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus"—all save one, the apostle of whom I have spoken. He was left to fulfil a divine promise made concerning him, that he should tarry on earth until Christ came in his glory.

Modern revelation confirms the ancient tradition that John the Apostle did not die, but in a semi-immortal state remained, after his brethren had been taken, to play a notable part in the Lord's great work of the Latter Days. An attempt was made upon his life, but it was ineffectual. Thrown into a cauldron of boiling oil, he escaped by miracle, and was banished to the Isle of Patmos, condemned by man, but approved of God, who opened to him the heavens and showed him things that would be thereafter. John thus testifies:

*An address delivered from radio station K F P T, Salt Lake City, Utah, Sunday evening, January 4, 1925.

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The Vision on Patmos

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people,

"Saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him: for the hour of his judgment is come * * *

"And there followed another angel saying, Babylon is fallen, is fallen * * *

"And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.

"For her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities."—Rev. 14:6-8; 18:4, 5.

Then follow allusions to the first and second resurrections (the former at the beginning, the latter at the end of Christ's Millennial reign) supplemented by these sublime words:

"And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and heaven fled away: and there was found no place for them.

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.

"And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works."—Rev. 20:11-13.

Thus far the revelation of St. John, otherwise known as the Apocalypse.

"Mormonism" the Fulfilment

"Mormonism," so-called, claims to be the fulfilment, or the beginning of the fulfilment of these inspired predictions. It is not a new religion. It did not have its origin in the nineteenth century. It proclaims itself the Everlasting Gospel, restored to earth after an absence of ages, as foreseen by John the Revelator in his great vision. Christ's apostles preached this same gospel, but they did not originate it. It was a restored gospel then, as it is a restored gospel now. Then it was the faith of the despised "Christians;" now it is the religion of the unpopular "Mormons."

The Gospel Dispensations

The Everlasting Gospel, instituted in the heavens before this earth was formed, has been revealed to man in a series of dispensations, extending like a mighty chain from the morning of creation down to the present time. Adam, to whom the gospel was given after his expulsion from Eden, had a promise from the Lord that it

should be in the world from the beginning unto the end thereof; and that promise has been fulfilled through a series of restorations or dispensations, of which this is the greatest and the last—the dispensation of the fulness of times.

The Gathering of Israel

The gospel's restoration in this age of the world has for its purpose the gathering of scattered Israel and the bringing together of all things in Christ, thus winding up the work of the Almighty as pertaining to this planet. "Come out of her, my people," is the slogan of Israel's gathering. God's people must not be in Babylon when she falls. Israel must be gathered, because it is the God of Israel who is coming to reign; and they are the people who have the right to receive him and to prepare the way before him. It is through the house of Israel that the Lord blesses all nations, according to his covenant with Abraham. Christ will come first to Zion, the New Jerusalem, a glorious and sacred city yet to be built upon the North American continent—which, with South America, constitutes the Land of Zion. Here most of the tribes of Israel will assemble to greet their God and King. But the children of Judah, who are even now migrating to Palestine, will rebuild the Old Jerusalem, and there receive him whom their forefathers rejected. They will recognize in the crucified, glorified Nazarene the long-looked for Messiah of their nation's hope.

Ephraim the First Born

The Latter-day Saints, called out from the nations to "build up Zion", claim lineal descent from Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the progenitors of the House of Israel. It is their belief that they have sprung from Joseph who was sold into Egypt, and whose descendants, through Ephraim, "mixed" themselves "among the people," as the Prophet Hosea declares (7:8);—an allusion, no doubt, to the Assyrian captivity, which began about 721 B. C. It devolved upon the house of Ephraim to lift the "Ensign" for the gathering of the Lord's people, as foretold by the Prophet Isaiah (11:12). Thus Ephraim is God's "first born," the first branch of the Israelitish tree to bear gospel fruit in modern times—the first to be "born again." Joseph Smith, who founded the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints as a rallying center for "the outcasts of Israel," was a descendant of Ephraim, and as such he was divinely appointed to begin the work of the gathering.

The Savior's Second Coming

The glorious advent of the Messiah will usher in the Millenium, the reign of universal peace, and with it will come the morning of the first resurrection. The righteous who have slept in the grave will come forth, and those remaining on earth who are worthy will be caught up to meet him. The Millennial reign, during which Satan will be

bound, is to sanctify the earth and prepare it for glorification. Through a baptism of fire, it will be renewed and converted into a celestial sphere, that beings of a celestial order may inherit it.

How know we that such events are on the wing—that these are indeed the latter days, and that the Savior's second coming is near? We know it by divine revelation, ancient and modern.

The Book with Seven Seals

John the Revelator beheld in vision a book that was sealed with seven seals, and no one could break the seals and open the book excepting the Son of God, the Lion of the Tribe of Judah. When he had broken the first seal certain events took place, and when he had broken the second seal other events followed; and so on until the seventh.

Joseph Smith's Interpretation

Joseph Smith says that this book is a record of "the revealed will, mysteries, and works of God, the hidden things of his economy concerning this earth, during the seven thousand years of its continuance or its temporal existence"; the first seal representing the things of the first thousand years, the second seal the things of the second thousand years, and so on. He also declares that in the beginning of the seventh thousand years the Lord God will sanctify the earth and complete the salvation of man;" and that the sounding of the trumpets of the seven angels, also mentioned by John, is "the preparing and finishing of the Lord's work in the beginning of the seventh thousand years—the preparing of the way before the time of his coming."

The World's Real History

In other words, that book contains the real history of this world—what the eye of God has seen, what the recording angel has written. Human history, as written by man, is full of errors, the fruit of ignorance, of prejudice (for or against), and oftentimes of sheer malice. Men *make* history in more ways than one. "What is history," says Napoleon, "but what we agree it shall be?" This cannot be said of the book that John saw. It contains no lies, no flatteries, no slanders, no false deductions. It is "The Book of Life," as life has actually been lived, and men will have to meet it at the Judgment Day.

Seven Great Days

The seven thousand years corresponding to the seven seals of the Apocalyptic volume, are as seven great days, during which Mother Earth will fulfil her mortal mission, laboring six days and resting upon the seventh. These seven great days do not include the period of our planet's creation and preparation as a dwelling place for man. They are limited to earth's "temporal existence," preceding her

spiritual exaltation. They represent Time, considered as distinct from Eternity, which really includes Time.

According to Kolob

Joseph Smith explains that these great days are "after the time" or according to the reckoning of Kolob, a mighty governing planet nearest the Celestial Throne, a planet revolving once in a thousand years. This period is a day upon Kolob. One might well suppose such a day to have figured in the warning given to Adam: "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die;" for Adam, after eating of the forbidden fruit (though spiritually dead from the hour of his transgression until the gospel redeemed him), lived on in the flesh, to the age of nine hundred and thirty years. The Apostle Peter may have had the same thing in mind when he wrote: "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

The Saturday Evening of Time

At all events, according to received chronology—admittedly imperfect, yet approximately correct—four thousand years, or four of the seven great days given to this planet as the period of its continuance in a temporal condition, had passed before Christ was crucified; while nearly two thousand years, or two more of those great days have gone by since. Consequently, earth's long week is drawing to a close, and we stand at the present moment in the Saturday evening of Time, at or near the end of the sixth day of human history. Morning will break upon the Millennium, the thousand years of peace, the Sabbath of the world.

Purification in Progress

Marvel not, my hearers, that all things are in commotion. The hour of God's judgment is at hand. War, famine, pestilence, earthquake, tempest and tidal wave—these are among the predicted signs of the Savior's second coming. Tyranny and wickedness must be overthrown, and the way prepared for him who, though gracious and merciful to all, and forgiving to sinners who repent, "cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance." Earth must be freed from all oppression and cleansed from all iniquity. It is God's house; he is coming to live in it, and to make of it a glorified mansion. The world is in its Saturday night; house-cleaning is in progress; and the work of purification must be done and out of the way before the Lord of the Sabbath appears.

False Doctrines Shattered

John's revelation made plain the solemn fact that all men will be judged according to their works. But when Joseph Smith came forth it was being widely taught that men were either predestined to be saved or predestined to be damned, regardless of any good or evil

done by them. Even innocent babes, according to the theology of that day, were consigned to endless torment unless they had been baptized. Such men as Plato, Aristotle, Homer, Virgil, the best and brightest spirits of their times, were lost, because they had not belonged to the Christian Church—a Church that did not then exist!

Joseph Smith denounced these doctrines as man-made and not heaven-inspired. Said he in substance: No man is predestined to be saved, and no man is predestined to be damned. Men are free moral agents, having the right of choice between good and evil. How else could a righteous judgment be passed upon them? They will be judged according to their works, and rewarded according to their merits. As for little children, they need no baptism. Baptism is for the remission of sins, and little children are sinless. They are redeemed by the blood of Christ, as decreed from the foundation of the world.

The Gospel's Requirements

Grown up, responsible men and women stand upon quite another plane. They must yield obedience to the gospel—must have faith in God, must repent of their sins, must be baptized by immersion for the remission of sins, and receive the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands of those having divine authority to so officiate. They who pass away without an opportunity to embrace the gospel in this life, will have an opportunity to do so in the life to come. "For for this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit."—I Peter 4:6.

The Old Seems New

In putting forth these doctrines, Joseph Smith was but reaffirming what ancient prophets and apostles had spoken. He was preaching "Mormonism"; but "Mormonism," as I have already shown, is not a new religion. It is as old as eternity, out of which it came. It was not a new doctrine, that men are to be judged according to their works; that infant innocence, though unbaptized, is fit for the presence of him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." There was nothing new in the doctrine that the gospel is preached to the dead; but it seemed new to Joseph Smith's generation. In like manner the gospel of Christ seemed a new thing to the Jews, who "were astonished at the doctrine" of the world's Redeemer.

What Jesus Taught

"In my Father's house there are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also." To whom was Jesus speaking when he uttered those wonderful words? Not to all the world. It was to his disciples, those who had faith in

him, who had repented of their sins, who had buried their sins in the liquid grave, and had received the gift of the Holy Ghost, which maketh manifest the things of God. They were the ones to whom he said: "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also." And that particular place was but one of the "many mansions" of the Father.

Paul's Teaching

Paul the Apostle refers to "celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial." He declares that "there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars," and as "one star differeth from another star in glory, so also is the resurrection of the dead." (I Cor. 15:40, 41.) What is this but an equivalent of what Jesus taught, and what his servants Paul and John afterwards proclaimed—that men will be judged and rewarded according to their works?

All Kingdoms Have a Law Given

The Prophet Joseph Smith, through whom the ancient gospel was restored early in the nineteenth century, in a wonderfully clear and comprehensive presentation amplifies and explains the same great doctrine. He declares that the glorified planets are God's kingdoms; that to each of them a law is given; and that whosoever inherits any one of those kingdoms, must abide the law pertaining to that kingdom—whether it be celestial, terrestrial or telestial.

The Three Glories

They who inherit celestial glory are they who receive the gospel while on earth and are valiant for it, and endure faithful to the end. All things are theirs; they constitute the nobility of heaven; and are the Church of the First Born.

They who inherit terrestrial glory, which differs from the celestial as the moon differs from the sun, are they who receive not the gospel in the flesh, but afterwards receive it—they who believe and repent in the Spirit World, and whose sins are remitted and their souls illumined through vicarious work done for them in the temples of God on earth. Thus they are saved, but not in the highest degree of glory. Not being valiant for Christ, they win not the crown over the Kingdom of God. They receive that to which their works entitle them.

And who are the inheritors of telestial glory? They are the wicked and impenitent, who are cast down to hell, where they are purged of their sins, and pay their debt to Justice, after which Mercy claims them, they are set free, and are given a glory greater than the finite mind can comprehend. They are as the twinkling stars, and shall be servants of the Most High; but where God and Christ dwell they can not come, worlds without end.

Repentance the Basis of Salvation

All salvation is based upon repentance, and repentance is possible even in the depths of hell. But if a soul cannot repent, it cannot be saved. Such cases, however, are comparatively few. They are the "sons of perdition." They sin against the Holy Ghost, after receiving and enjoying its powers, even to tasting of the glories of the worlds to come. They "deny the Son, after the Father has revealed him; wherefore, he saves all except them."—Doctrine and Covenants 76: 43, 44.

Desires as Well as Deeds to be Judged

God gives to men according to their desires, as manifested by their deeds, and as made plain to his omniscience and foreknowledge concerning them. Desires as well as deeds go to judgment. The Celestial Kingdom, the highest of all heavenly conditions, will be peopled not only by those who receive and live the gospel here, but also by those who would have received and lived it, had they been given the opportunity. So says Joseph Smith. "For I, the Lord, will judge all men according to their works, according to the desire of their hearts." (*History of the Church*, Vol. 2, p. 380; Alma 29:4.) In other words, justice will be done, mercy will be shown, and none will be held accountable for opportunities that they never possessed.

The Greatness of the Gospel

We are not ashamed of these doctrines. They are the doctrines of Eternal Justice and of Divine Wisdom. They are the principles of the Everlasting Gospel, called "Christianism" two thousand years ago, and re-nicknamed "Mormonism" in this dispensation.

And this is only a part of it, hastily and imperfectly told. Many suppose it to be a small and narrow religion. Narrow, indeed! Then where will you find breadth? Where find justice, mercy, magnanimity, if not in a religion that saves the living, redeems the dead, rescues the damned, and glorifies all who repent, Small, forsooth! It is the biggest thing in the Universe, and I testify to its truth and divinity, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Just A Verse

Care comes to everyone
  In spite of creed or class;
Joy comes to all of us
  Then our cares must pass.

Why, then, shun a brother
  When he makes known his need?
For some time in our sorrow,
  He may prove a friend indeed.

Sandy, Utah. JACK EGBERT.

THE HERITAGE AND PROMISE

By John Henry Evans,
Author of "One Hundred Years of Mormonism"

V

When President Brigham Young first looked upon Salt Lake valley on that memorable twenty-third of July, eighteen hundred forty-seven, he is said to have exclaimed, "This is the place!"

And indeed this is the place in a wider and somewhat different sense from that which the great pioneer leader probably meant just then, not only to the present generation of Latter-day Saints but to the generations yet to come here. For Utah and the intermountain country generally is not among the least of those things that may be deemed their inheritance. It is one of the choicest spots in a singularly choice land, as well in its material possibilities, as in its wonderful climate, and in its scenic beauty.

The setting in which people in real life, like people in works of fiction, find themselves, plays a large part in determining their character and doings. There can be no doubt that this is true of nations. Says Taine, in his book on English literature:

> "The profound differences which are manifest between * * * races, arise for the most part from the difference between the countries in which they are settled; some in cold, moist lands, deep in rugged marshy forests or on the shores of a mild ocean, beset by melancholy or violent sensations, prone to drunkenness and gluttony, bent on a fighting, blood-spilling life; others, again, within the loveliest landscapes, on a bright and pleasant sea-coast, enticed to navigation and commerce, exempt from gross cravings of the stomach, inclined from the beginning to social ways, to a settled organization of the state, to feelings and dispositions such as develop the art of oratory, the talent for enjoyment, the inventions of science, letters, arts."

But it is equally true that these same influences react on individual character and life. John Ruskin has called attention to the effect of mountains and plains on the individual. "The spirit of the hills is action," he says, "that of the valleys repose." And he goes on to record this effect on himself personally in these words: "To myself, mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery; in them, and in the forms of inferior landscape that lead to them, my affections are wholly bound up; and though I can look with happy admiration at the lowland flowers, and woods, and open skies, the happiness is tranquil and cold, like that of examining detached flowers in a conservatory, or reading a pleasant book; and if the scenery be resolutely level, insisting upon the declaration of its own flatness in all the detail of it, it appears to me like a prison, and I cannot long endure it. But the slightest rise and fall in the road—a mossy bank

at the side of a crag of chalk, with brambles at its brow, overhanging it—a ripple over three or four stones in the stream by the bridge—above all, a wild bit of ferny ground under a fir or two, looking as if, possibly, one might see a hill if one got to the other side of the trees, will instantly give me intense delight, because the shadow, or the hope, of the hills is in them."

To be sure most people are not so sensitive to a broken country—or, for that matter, to anything else in their surroundings, whether natural or artificial—as Ruskin. Still the effect is there just the same, although they are not conscious of it, working out its delicate tracery on the soul.

Early "Mormons" were fond of calling their home "the Valleys of the Mountains." And indeed nothing could better describe the rugged and broken features of Utah. For, in the picturesque biblical phrase, the Saints are literally "in the top of the mountains" and are exalted "above the hills." No other spot in America, "a choice land above all other lands," according to the Book of Mormon, is more secure for its inhabitants in time of war, or in times of peace more abundant in its natural resources, or more beautiful in its scenery, or more desirable in its varied climate.

One thousand miles from the Pacific coast, with its Oriental menace, three thousand miles from the Atlantic, with its proximity to European troubles, and situated midway between Canada on the north and Mexico on the south, Utah in its mountain fastnesses forms at once a safe retreat in unsettled periods and a home of loveliness and quiet in times of peace. Its climate is ideal. Not so cold as to inhibit work and traffic, nor yet so hot as to bring on in its people a lack of energy, it furnishes a variety in its rather well-defined seasons and a general vigor throughout the year that leaves nothing to be desired. The autumnal glories of its pine-clad hills, the bewitching tracery of its leafy vales and canyons, the "translucent splendors of its skies, more radiantly saphirean than ever bent their crystal arches above the far-famed, beggar-hemmed and flea-girt Bay of Naples" are known to every tourist and traveler to this inter-mountain State.

As for its natural resources, there is no other place in all the world of the same size so rich and so varied in its richness as Utah. Its vast area, greater than all New England and New York combined, is underlaid with gold and silver, with copper and lead and iron, with many-colored marble, with all the varieties of coal, with sulphur and soda and gypsum. In its canyon streams, pure and cool, is enough power to turn all the machinery of the world. Cold, warm, and hot springs, salt and fresh-water lakes, healing in their properties, valleys teeming with all the varieties of cereals, orchards filled with luscious fruits of almost every kind from the hardiest winter apple to the most delicious pomegranate in any climate, gardens with luxuriant growths of vegetables and small fruit, from the crisp celery in

its frozen earth to the ever-bearing strawberry with a flavor all its own. One might go on indefinitely till the reader wearied of the catalogue—and then but the half would have been told.

The influence of all this—the sense of living in such an invigorating climate, of being surrounded by mineral wealth of such vastness, of breathing in such loveliness in hill and vale and canyon and mountain stream—is to be stimulated to dreams of greatness. Instead of lying down on one's oars, as the saying is, and reclining in a restful contentment that overcomes like the breath of the lotus, one feels braced to go forth conquering and to conquer. Not that this effect will come on suddenly, in a day. That is not the way of nature. But come it will, in its silent manner, working its results, though it take a hundred generations.

PART II

I will go in the strength of the Lord God: I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only. O God, thou hast taught me from my youth: and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works. Now also when I am old and grayheaded, O God, forsake me not; until I have shewed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come.—The Psalmist.

Introduction

Coming from forbears who represent several different strains of blood, each in itself among the best; who were nurtured in the tempest and the whirlwind of contending forces, where the hardiest qualities of character are forged; and who proved always builders and producers, not parasites and destroyers—the young men and women of "Mormondom," present and prospective, have thus a foundation laid for them of which we have a right to expect something.

But to have a good foundation is not all that is necessary. There must be a building erected on this foundation before we can have a structure of beauty and usefulness. A youth may have in him the best of blood and yet come to nothing through lack of good environment. Of the elements which go to the chiseling out of a desirable type of man, environment, taking this word in its broadest sense, is perhaps the most important. You may own a horse which, so far as stock or blood is concerned, has the capability of being developed into a Zev; but you will never get the requisite speed from it on the race-track, unless you subject it to the discipline required for this purpose.

And so we approach another phase of our theme—in what atmosphere do the youth of the Latter-day Saints grow up? What incentives to action are placed before them, what standards of conduct, what teachings given them?

There is generally supposed to be a difference in the "type of civilization" in Utah from that which prevails in other sections of the United States. Stanton Coit, from whom this phrase is quoted, says

that he "became aware of a drop in tone" as he entered the Beehive State, and he attributes this impression to the influence of the Book of Mormon. While we are not interested just now in finding out whether this "drop" is real or imaginary, it is probably true that there is a difference and that this difference is to be traced to the teachings of the Nephite Record. This is not only what one might have expected who was acquainted with the history of "Mormonism," but what other visitors to Utah than Mr. Coit have observed.

Now, what is the total push of such a "type of civilization" (whatever that is) as the "Mormons" have built up here, so far as the making of character is concerned? We have seen what kind of men and women are attracted to the "Mormon" faith. Is the influence of the group what one would be led to expect of the individuals who compose the group? Living and growing up in a community where such a difference exists should tell powerfully on its young people from generation to generation. For a "peculiar" people are generally tenacious to pass on their peculiarities.

Than the Latter-day Saints no church has a more effective machinery for perpetuating the faith. This has long been a truism among those who are familiar with "Mormonism." The Sunday schools are perhaps the best organized in the world. Besides these they have the Religion class, the Primary, and the Improvement associations—week-day organizations. These have grown up in response to the demands of their religion to teach the children in the faith of the Saints.

The following sections, therefore, aim to inquire into the nature of the teachings that are given the youth of the Church as well as the influences that go to the formation of character in them. Only the salient points, however, can be taken, those which lie at the basis of "Mormonism," it being taken for granted that all else must necessarily be in harmony with these fundamentals.

(To be Continued)

Let's Sing

Chide not the rain, for the sun comes again—
  Snow-drops gleam when the roses are dead—
We each sing our part, and then slowly depart,
  And another moves on in our stead.

So while we are here, through laughter and tear,
  Let's sing the best song that we know,
And He who will bear with our failures will bear,
  And lighten our load as we go.

So, sing ye with me in glad laughter and love
  The goodness that cheereth thine heart,
And when even dies and the stars light the skies,
  Sing that song as you bow and depart.

Lethbridge, Canada. H. C. SINGER.

A CALL IN THE NIGHT

By D. T. Praigg

It is well for us that the thorns, which prick us so sorely to-day, do not mar the beauty of the rose, which in anticipation blooms for us tomorrow, else many of us would be given over to despair, whereas we are sustained by an enlivening hope. Thanks to a cheerful disposition, I looked for and found a silver lining to every cloud that lowered over my path in the darkest hour of my life. The knowledge that I was innocent, though the circumstances were strongly against me, gave me comfort and courage throughout the trying ordeal; and though I could not anticipate the end from the beginning, one followed so close upon the other that it seemed a natural, if not a logical sequence, and justified the hope that budded into solace and later bloomed into a rare content.

It was a sultry night in early spring. I had gone to my room, after attending a picture show, and had thrown up the window to get a breath of outside air. When I turned on the light to prepare for sleep, I saw a piece of paper on the table near the head of my bed. I picked it up and read: "Center 1345."

I recognized it at once as a telephone number and assumed that I was expected to ask for it. I did not know how it came to be on my table. I did not recognize it as one I had ever called. But I assumed it had been placed there by the janitor of the building or by one of the roomers on the same floor. I looked at my watch. It was 10:30 o'clock. I hesitated a moment, on account of the lateness of the hour, but took the receiver from the hook and asked for the number. It was quite a while before a voice at the other end of the line responded to my "hello."

"Is this Center 1-3-4-5?" I asked.

"Yes. What do you want?" The voice, I thought, showed irritation.

"I find this number on my table and I assume I was expected to call it," I replied. "Who wishes to speak with me?"

"This is a private residence. No one here left such a call, sir."

The receiver went into the hook at the other end of the line with a bang. Evidently a mistake had been made. It was not a matter of much concern and I dismissed it from my mind without further thought. As I turned away I mechanically rolled the piece of paper into a little ball between my fingers and tossed it out of the window. The incident did not recur to me again till noon the next day. While eating my lunch I was attracted by the headlines in an early edition of an afternoon paper. The home of Mr. James Parentree had been entered sometime in the night by a burglar. Miss Julia Parentree,

presumably waking while the burglar was in her room, had been struck on the head and was found unconscious when her mother entered in the morning. She was still unconscious and her recovery was regarded as doubtful. The burglar had escaped with Julia's jewelry and a large sum of money. The only possible clew was a telephone call between 10 and 11 o'clock in which the speaker said he had been asked to call the Parentree number. I turned to a telephone directory. The Parentree number was Center 1345.

My first thought was to notify the police that it was I who had called the Parentree home and explain why I had done so. But it instantly occurred to me that I had no evidence, except my unsupported word, and I ought to learn who had placed the call on my table before going to the officers with my story. I hurried to the rooming-house and began an investigation, for I believed the police would try to trace the call and, in all probability, would locate it. The janitor knew nothing about it. No one on the second floor had heard my telephone ring or had received a request for me to call such a number. I was at my wits' end.

I hurried out and bought a later edition of the afternoon paper. The story there given went more into detail. The Parentrees had been away for several weeks and had gotten home late in the afternoon. Miss Parantree had evidently struggled with the burglar, for chairs were overturned and her bed was disarranged. A blank book, dropped by the burglar, was found near the door. It contained nothing, however, that would give a clew to the owner. Miss Parentree was still unconscious. The physicians gave little encouragement. She had probably been struck with the butt of a pistol and it was thought the skull was fractured.

I thought over the strangeness of the affair and the possible awkward predicament in which I might be placed as I went back to the rooming-house. Two men were standing on the sidewalk as I entered. I had hardly reached my room and closed the door when I heard footsteps in the hall outside. My heart began to pound. The door opened and the two men entered. One stood with his back against the closed door while the other advanced and confronted me. He looked at me earnestly—savagely, I may say—and my eyes fell under his penetrating gaze.

"You called Center 1-3-4-5 at 10:33 last night," he said. It was a statement of fact as though he was positive of it.

"Y-e-s," I hesitatingly admitted.

"And you said a call for that number had been left for you?"

"Y-e-s."

"Do you know Mr. Parentree or his daughter?"

"No, I never heard of them before to-day."

The next question came like a bullet out of a gun:

"Are you in the habit of calling people you don't know, late at night?"

Up to that moment I had tried to get a grip on myself. But I could not think consecutively and every question took me by surprise. My hesitation, my whole manner, I was sure, confirmed my guilt in the minds of the two officers. But I rose at last to the demands of the situation and explained the circumstances attending the call. I added that I had tried to learn who had placed it on my table but had failed to do so. I realized as I went along that not one word I uttered was believed. The next question convinced me of it.

"You lock your door when you go away in the morning, don't you?"

"Not always," I said. "Sometimes I do, and sometimes I don't."

"Why did you try to find out if the number you called was the Parentree home?"

Here again I blundered. Had I answered candidly I would have said I read the account of the burglary in an early edition and. knowing I had called a number at the hour indicated, I wanted to see if it were the Parentree home. But I knew I would be asked why I wanted to prepare for a defense before a charge had been made against me. Unfortunately, I tried to dodge.

"Because," I said, "I wanted to know who had placed the call on my table. When I discovered that no one at the number wanted me, I concluded to investigate."

"But you had read the account of the burglary before you inquired of the janitor and the roomers, hadn't you?"

"No, I hadn't. Yes, of course I had. I had read a short account of it in an early edition of the afternoon paper." I had stumbled and was sadly conscious of it.

"And the first edition said someone had called between 10 and 11 o'clock, didn't it?"

"Yes, I believe it did, but it didn't give the Parentree number."

"And you looked at the directory to see what the number is?"

"Yes," I admitted.

"Why did you think you might have called the Parentree number?"

"Why, the coincidence between my calling and it being the Parentree home."

He laughed in my face. The man leaning against the door answered him with a low chuckle. I moved uneasily on my chair.

"But you didn't know that till you linked it up, did you?" He smiled ironically.

"Of course, not. How could I have known it?"

"You found the call on that table over there?" He pointed to the table at the head of the bed.

"Yes, when I came in from the show."

He leaned over me, his face very close to mine. "Where is that paper?" he asked.

"I don't know. I rolled it up and threw it out of the window."

He went to the window and looked out. He did not speak as he passed out at the door. I heard him walking around on the cement passageway under my window. He returned in a few moments and spoke to the officer at the door in a low tone as he entered. He had the piece of paper in his hand. The guard at the door took a blank book from his pocket and handed it to him. He opened it and fitted the piece to a torn page in the book. I looked at the table. Not till then did I know it was my blank book which had been found in the room of Julia Parentree. I trembled violently in spite of heroic efforts to appear calm.

"Is that your trunk?" he asked, pointing to a wardrobe trunk in the corner.

"Yes," I replied. I took my keys from my pocket and gave them to him. He smiled as he realized I had anticipated his demand for them.

The examination of the contents of my trunk was very thorough. Every piece of clothing, every collar, tie, shirt and handkerchief was carefully looked at. Nothing was found to justify the search. I thought his voice showed disappointment when he said:

"We'll have to take you to the police station. If you'll go quietly, I'll not put the nippers on you."

I could only say I was in their power and it was useless to protest. Twenty persons were around the auto when I went to it, walking between the two officers. Another crowd was present at the police station and newspaper cameras were leveled against me as I was assisted from the police machine. I felt the humiliation but, conscious of innocence, I believed I would eventually be freed from the charge. After I was searched and registered I asked that the office manager be called to the station. He came without delay and I talked to him through the iron bars of my cell. I protested innocence and he heard me patiently but without comment. Somehow, I felt that he accepted what I said with a few grains of salt. He finally said he would arrange for bail, but a new difficulty was presented when he consulted the chief. He declined to accept a bond till the result of Miss Parentree's injuries were definitely known. If she should die, he said, it would not be a bailable case.

I had been the agent of an insurance company in a small town and six months before my arrest I had come to the city to take a clerical position in the home office. I was an entire stranger, knowing no one except the office employees and the few persons I had met at the rooming-house. The manager had given evidence of appreciation of my services, but I felt that his willingness to go on my bond was due to my lack of friends rather than a firm conviction that I was innocent.

Ten days passed. Miss Parentree recovered consciousness, relapsed, rallied again and, it was believed, would recover. Every evening I was taken to the detectives' room and put through a grilling process. But I had but one story to tell and adhered to it. I came gradually to believe that the police had abandoned the theory that I had committed the robbery and assault on Miss Parentee, but their questions indicated that they did believe I was a confederate. My greatest humilation came when I was taken to the Bertillion room to have my measurements and finger-prints and photograph taken. I protested that I was not a robber and that the whole proceedings was an outrage on an honest man. It was the first exhibition of temper that I had given and the chief was impressed by my earnestness.

"If the charge against you is not sustained," he said, "these records will be destroyed. We don't put the pictures of innocent men in the rogues' gallery and you have nothing to fear if your innocence is finally established."

In the meantime, William Page, a young attorney, had visited me several times and had undertaken my defense. I told him I had nothing with which to pay a big attorney fee, as I was working on a salary and had saved nothing. He replied that the fee could be arranged at some future time, and said that the most important thing was to lay out our line of defense. He told me my past had been thoroughly investigated and the police were by no means certain that I was the burglar.

On the morning of the 13th day of my incarceration I was taken from my cell to the police auto. The chief and two detectives and Mr. Page were seated in the machine. A drive of a few minutes brought us to an elegant home in one of the aristrocratic suburbs. As we entered the driveway the officers watched me closely. Nothing in my manner indicated that I had even seen the place before. Their countenances showed disappointment. Mr. Page indicated pleasure with an encouraging smile. With an officer on either side I was led up a broad stairway to a room on the second floor. A young lady was seated in a large upholstered chair. The officers stopped me within three feet of her. I looked at her and smiled. How on earth, I wondered, could I be suspected of striking such a girl. Her eyes were on me. She showed no agitation. In an instant she turned her eyes from me and said: "No, this is not the man who struck me."

"Are you perfectly satisfied, Julia, that he is not the man?" asked Mr. Page.

"I am absolutely sure. The man was larger and wore a stubby beard. I would recognize him anywhere. This is not the man. He does not resemble the burglar in any way."

"I certainly thank you, Miss Parentree," I said, "and regret that our meeting is under such humiliating conditions."

"Not at all," she replied. "It is simply an act of justice, and I am glad to be able to serve you."

I was taken from the Parentree home directly to the police court. Mr. Page stated that, though Miss Parentree had positively declared I was not the robber, he would not ask a dismissal of the case at that time, but would insist on an immediate trial unless I were released on a mere nominal bond. The police admitted they were not prepared to go into trial and the court released me to the custody of my attorney, and I left the courtroom confident of an early acquittal.

When I returned to the rooming-house I was cordially received by the few whose acquaintances I had formed. They had been deeply interested in my "case," as they called it, and a lady on the first floor gave me the first clew to the person who had left the telephone number on my table. In the absence of the janitor she had shown a man and his wife a room on the second floor on the afternoon of the day preceding my arrest. She could not say that he had entered my room but she had an impression—but it was an impression only—that she had seen him come out of it as she and his wife re-entered the hall from another room. At any rate, the opportunity had existed. But why should he have left the telephone number on my table? What could he have gained from my calling the telephone at the home of the Parentrees?

I was soon painfully conscious, after resuming my desk at the office, that I was an object of suspicion. The lady stenographers absolutely refused to recognize me except in the most formal way. The bookkeeper and his assistants were hardly polite. I endured the ostracism for two weeks and then went to the manager and asked to be transfered to some other position.

"The board of directors will meet this afternoon," he said, "and I will take the matter up with them. I have noticed the attitude of other employees towards you but I have not thought it advisable to interfere. One of our adjusters died last week and I have you in mind for the vacancy."

The new position took me out on the road and I was at the home office but seldom, and then only for conferences with the manager. He complimented my industry and expressed pleasure at adjustments I had made. I had settled a loss in a distant part of the state when I received a telegram, telling me to go at once to a small lake resort and call at the postoffice for a letter. I caught the night train and was at the office when it opened in the morning. The letter stated that Mr. James Robinson, who owned a number of summer cottages at the lake, had recently insured a group of five and all of them had been destroyed by a fire of mysterious origin. The manager thought the valuation was excessive and asked me to investigate values and also to inquire into the origin of the fire. I went to a hotel and was seated at an unoccupied table reading the letter a second time

when I became conscious of someone near me. I looked up. A hand was extended and a musical voice said:

"Why, how do you do? I didn't know you were here!"

I was dumbfounded to see Julia Parentree standing by me, her eyes looking into mine and a smiling face beaming on me. I managed to take her hand and say something, but I could not have told a moment afterwards what it was. Her father entered a moment later, and she called him over and introduced me. They seated themselves at my table. I was with her a great deal for a week. So much of my time was given to her, in fact, that the investigation almost stood still. I made one partial report to the office and then another, and finally closed up the matter, though I did it reluctantly. I had learned that strolling in the parks and rowing on the lake were not calculated to expedite business; but, somehow, I didn't care for business; if I could stroll and row. We were seated in the park the night before I was to leave to adjust another loss. The shadow of the coming separation oppressed me. I wanted to say many things but fear possessed me. I had a purpose in mind but I did not know how to accomplish it. I could adjust a loss but this, if accomplished, would be a gain, and I was not equal to it. I compromised.

"May I write to you?" I asked.

The reply was so cordial I was actually stunned. "Yes, do," she said, "I shall be delighted to hear from you!"

"And you will write to me?"

"Why, certainly! I could hardly expect you to write unless I answered you letters."

We were seated in the park, and I was about to take her hand when we saw Mr. Parentree coming towards us. He had a telegram in his hand. He spoke to Julia: "I have a telegram from our manager saying it is imperative that you come home at once. We will take the early morning train."

"It's the robbery!" she said with womanly intuition. "I feel as if something is going to happen. I wonder if they really have caught him."

"I apprehend it is connected up with it in some way," said her father. He turned to me: "You'd better arrange to go with us. If the robber is in custody your presence may be quite as necessary as Julia's."

"But the manager has ordered me to investigate another loss," I said.

"I'll take care of that," he replied. "I'll leave a call for six in the morning."

He turned away as he spoke and Julia and I sat down on the rude settee from which we had risen at his approach for it was still early and the night was warm. I was glad of the opportunity to accompany her and her father, but I questioned if I could afford to

ignore the manager's order. When I referred to it she laughed and replied, "You are perfectly safe when you take orders from father. He's president of the company."

We reached home the following afternoon and Mr. Parentree called up the office from the railway station. He was asked to get into communication at once with the chief of detectives. When he rejoined us in the wating-room, he said a man had been arrested and was being held as a suspect. The chief asked him to bring Julia to the police station at 3:30 to identify the suspect, if he were the man who struck her. When we entered the police station, twenty men, including some of the largest on the force and all in citizens' clothes, were lined up against the corridor wall. Julia ran her eyes along the line and, without a moment's hesitation walked towards a man in a grey suit of clothes. Pointing to him, she said: "That's the man who struck me."

"Are you positive, Miss Parantree?" asked the chief.

"Yes, I am positive. I would know him among a thousand."

"It's important that we do not make a mistake. You are sure, are you?"

"Yes, I am sure. I can not be mistaken. I *know* he is the man! I am *positive!*"

The burglar's countenance did not change. As Julia stepped back he smiled, but his voice was cold and even when he spoke: "I guess you've got me and it isn't worth while to deny it. I did not mean to strike the girl, though. I thought the house was unoccupied and when I entered her room and she jumped out of bed and confronted me, I was taken by surprise and struck her before I realized it. I really did not know whether she was a man or a woman."

"Did you leave a telephone number on a table in a rooming-house that afternoon?" asked the chief.

"Yes, but that was an accident, too. I had called the number in the morning but had gotten no answer. I had seen in the paper that the family had been away but would come home that day, and I wanted to be sure they had returned. I had the telephone number in mind but seeing the note-book on the table while my wife was looking at a room, it occurred to me to write it down so I could refer to it without going to a directory. Hearing my wife and the woman with her coming towards the room, I tore out the leaf and put the book in my pocket and laid the torn leaf on the table, just the opposite of what I had intended to do."

We did not stay to hear more. My exoneration was complete. The officers congratulated me heartily and I left the station with Mr. Page and accompanied him to his office. I was about to say that I would pay his fee in installments as I received my salary, when he interrupted me.

"Mr. Parentree is my uncle and is president of the company,"

he said, "and asked me to investigate and, if I believed you were innocent, to undertake the defense. He thought the company should pay my fee and any other expense incident to the case, and there is nothing for you to worry over."

I thanked him cordially and went to confer with the manager. As I entered the office he handed me a slip of paper, smiling significantly as I took it from his hand and looked at it. On it was written: "Center 1345."

"That's pretty risky, isn't it?" I asked looking up into his face.

"It might be if it were 10:33 p.m.," he replied with a laugh.

He pushed the telephone towards me and I asked for the number. Julia's voice came to me over the wire: "You got away before I had a chance to speak to you," she said. "Father and I want you to dine with us this evening."

I thanked her and accepted the invitation. We passed a pleasant hour at the table, and I took advantage of the opportunity to thank Mr. Parentree for the confidence which had provided so generously for my defense.

"It was an obligation we owed you as an employee of the company," he replied, "provided an investigation showed a strong probability of your innocence. Mr. Page did not question it and I told him to spare no legitimate expense."

What occurred between Julia and me in the parlor that evening need not be revealed here. But as I was leaving, and while I still held her hand at the door, I said: "I must leave early in the morning May I call you up for a goodby word?"

"Why certainly! I'll be at the telephone. Call Center 1-3-4-5." She laughed as she slowly pronounced the figures.

"The luckiest of unlucky numbers!" I exclaimed with enthusiasm as I pressed her hand, "but I can never tell you how glad I am you failed to identify me as the burglar."

Indianapolis, Indiana.

Don't Give Up

When the trail ahead looks gloomy, and the sun seems mighty dim,
When the sky is overshadowed and you feel that you won't win,
Just keep yourself a moving; don't give up the game,
The chap with sand, is sure to land; he'll get there just the same.

When the snow is still a-snowing, or the rain is pouring down,
When the cold north wind's a-blowing, 'til ye can't stick to the ground,
Just set your teeth and bear it: don't make the slightest wail,
The lad with pluck, is never stuck, there's no such thing as fail.

When your mighty tired and hungry, and you're almost down and out,
When your friends begin to shun you, and your mind seems full of doubt,
Don't even think of failure, lad; it's the worse thing you can do,
Make up your mind that you're the kind that's go'no stick like glue.

Moab, Utah. F. M. SHAFER.

TITHING

The Latest Change in the World's Religious Thought

By Joseph A. West

There have been many changes in the world's religious thought during the past hundred years, or since the restored gospel was first preached by Joseph Smith, in which the Father and the Son were revealed as distinct and separate personalities, but one in purpose. The advocacy and practice of the payment of tithing is, perhaps, the latest attempted allignment of the religious world upon a principle long since revealed to and preached and practiced by the Latter-day Saints.

I have before me an eight-page, closely printed pamphlet, a condensation of one double the size, crowded with scriptural quotations proving the divinity of this law which is headed as follows:

God's Loving Money Rule for Your Financial Prosperity

This is followed by the inquiry:

"Do you wish to succeed and retain financial success? God promises you prosperity and blessing, if you faithfully carry out his loving command to tithe."

The author then gives many scriptural quotations, to prove that blessings and benefits come from an observance of this law. The Latter-day Saints, however, rely upon the modern revealed word rather than upon the instructions given to another age and people, though they are strict believers in the holy scriptures:

In answer to the question: "How shall I tithe?" the author says:

"Set apart systematically and regularly one tenth of your income, if a farmer or merchant, before taking out your living expenses, or one tenth of your wages or income, if a wage earner or professional man, and devote it to the work of the Lord."

As to what shall be done with the tithing, he says:

"Distribute it yourself in the name of the Lord for the upbuilding of his kingdom, using your best judgment as you would your own money, giving to the poor, to foreign missions, or, if you prefer, turn it over to your Church, or any religious denomination you may choose, and have it distributed by their officials in the channels you may choose."

He then gives a number of examples of how wonderfully men who have obeyed this law have been financially blessed.

The Literary Digest of August 2 and October 4, 1924, also contains references to this subject and names a number of very remarkable instances where financial blessings have followed the observance of tithing.

Briefly told some of these are as follows:

A gentleman in Kansas who had failed in business to the extent of $100,000 learned of the law of tithing and immediately began to observe it. Soon financial success attended him, and it was not long before he recovered his losses—all of which he attributed to his observance of this law.

A certain lawyer, whose annual income amounted to $3,900, became converted to tithing and put it in practice. The next year his income increased to $5,300; the following year to $21,451.44 and last year to $75,862.34.

The *Digest* also contained an article entitled, "Farming for the Lord", in which the experiences of seven Georgia farmers who agreed to dedicate one acre each of their farms to the Lord, are given. The movement grew until more than 500 acres were set apart this year. One of them says: "The acre I planted for the Lord produced a bale of fine cotton, while farmers in my neighborhood lost virtually all their cotton crop from the boll-weavil."

Newspaper men, and they are usually very incredulous about such matters, also admitted that the corn crop planted on the Lord's acre was much better than elsewhere in that section. It is true they affected to believe that it must be due to the better care given the Lord's acre, but this does not account for the absence of the boll-weavil.

Another farmer said: "It did me good to plant that acre for the Lord. I felt that all my place had been blessed by that one acre."

Darius King said that they had been prospered above the average of the community, and J. E. Shaw said that his Lord's acre, that he planted, also escaped the boll-weavil.

The August 2 number in an article entitled, "The Reward for Tithing," relates the following:

> "A well known and very prosperous furniture dealer, when making his second start in business, knelt in an empty room in his new factory and told the Lord that he wanted to take him in partnership, that one tenth of all he earned should go to him; and that he would use the money in all his business ventures as if it were the Lord's money."

Charles Page was in the real estate business with J. Ham Lewis who, twenty-five years later, became United States Senator, and they failed in business leaving him worse than broke. One day he found himself with but $1.15 in his pocket when a Salvation Army lassie asked him for his tithing. He immediately gave her the fifteen cents and the thought occurred to him to start anew and begin by observing the law of tithing. Immediately the tide of misfortune turned, and he soon became very wealthy, prospering in everything he undertook to do. For years he was in the oil business, and he thinks he knows why he became rich. He gave his reasons to a friend one day: "I missed striking oil only twice in my lifetime. You know I divide with the Big Fellow and he made geology." He is said to have built and maintained a home for orphans and performed many other acts of charity.

Another gentleman said: "I have got something more than money out of tithing. It has given me happiness and contentment that I could never have bought."

Another eminently successful man said: "Tithing is the minimum your Partner expects from you. That's only good interest. I've been trying to use half my income in his affairs lately. That's full partnership."

Were the remarkable experiences of the Latter-day Saints, in tithe-paying related, a volume of the *Era* could be filled. Since these experiences are for the individual encouragement of the Saints they are seldom found in print. Besides the tithing accounts are held sacred and only the persons paying and the Church officials have a right of access thereto.

As an illustration, I will, however, relate the following impersonal incident: About twenty-five years ago the Church was heavily in debt as a result of the Government's escheatment of its property and of the bitter persecutions or prosecutions to which it had been so long subjected, and the authorities were at their wits ends, to meet financial requirements, on short time loans and at heavy rates of interest. It was when President Snow was laboring under the perplexities of this situation that he was directed of the Lord to go to St. George and hold a special conference. He went by train from Salt Lake not knowing the specific purpose of his going, but taking a number of the general authorities of the Church with him. I was then engineer and superintendent of construction of what now constitutes a hundred miles of the Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad, between Milford and Uvada.

His train left Salt Lake in the evening, reaching Milford the next morning. Here I met the train with an engine and crew to bring the company to Modena, then the nearest railroad point to St. George, and from whence a number of teams had come during the night for the party. This was before automobiles were in evidence in that section of the country. I accepted an invitation to accompany the party and was present at the meeting appointed for the following day.

President Snow as stated was apparently not aware of the object of his journey to St. George, before his departure, nor before the hour of the meetings, but when he arose to speak he was divinely inspired to preach a most powerful discourse upon the subject of tithing. That furnished the keynote to all the meetings he held among the southern settlements, upon the company's return and throughout the Church for years afterwards. The Church was not only heavily in debt, at this time, but many of its members were deeply involved through the distressing financial conditions which at that time prevailed throughout Utah.

As President Snow emphasized the necessity of a stricter observance of the law of tithing on the part of the Latter-day Saints, the Spirit of the Lord rested mightily upon him, and some wonderful

promises were made to the Church as a whole, and to the individual members thereof. More especially to the people of Dixie, was this true, because for several years they had suffered from drought and consequent failure of their crops. He promised the members of the Church that if they would honestly pay their tithing, the Lord would so abundantly bless them that they would soon get out of debt, and that it would not be long before the Church would also be out of debt. Also, that the rains would descend upon the parched lands of Dixie and the people there would begin again to have bounteous harvests. The last promise was the first to be fulfilled, for the rains did begin to come, somewhat late in the season, it is true, but early enough to mature the crops and fulfil the promise.

An era of unusual prosperity began again to dawn upon the Saints, as they gave heed to this requirement of the prophet, until it was not long before the Church bonds, issued a little time before this, were paid off and the membership of the Church were largely free from debt. This was the case with those who obeyed the counsel to get out of debt, but those who put their earnings into luxuries they could not afford, continued in bondage, many of them even to this day.

The following from an old, tried and true veteran in our Redeemer's cause, at the date of writing in his eighty-second year, if I remember rightly, but recently deceased, and for years president of the St. George temple, is self-explanatory:

St. George, Utah, December 8, 1924.

Elder Joseph A. West, 1919 Hopkins Street, Berkeley, California.

Dear Brother: Yours of the 27th ult. is received and contents noted. In answer to your question as to the effect of President Snow's prediction, at the time that he visited us many years ago, when President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints:

As my memory serves me, it was to the effect that if the Latter-day Saints would pay their tithes and their offerings, and put their confidence in the Lord, he would not forsake them, but that they should be blest with the early and the latter rains, and that the earth would yield of its strength for their sustenance. His words have certainly been fulfilled, up to about the middle of the year, 1923, when an apparent drought set in and was not broken until within the last few days. As a result we didn't realize more than 33 1-3% of our usual crops. The ranges have been dried up and our horned stock are in a state of starvation today; sheep men faring slightly better, as it requires less moisture to slack the thirst of the wool-bearing animal. How far we have carried out our part of the agreement, as a people, the Lord knows, and his servants have an idea. While they may not be able to judge the condition accurately, to ascertain the condition of each individual, still they know that there are many who have fulfilled the obligation to the very best of their ability and spent much time in calling the negligent to repentance.

With kind regards and prayer for your welfare, your co-laborer in the Master's cause,

(Signed) DAVID H. CANNON.

That tithing is a scriptural doctrine none will deny who are acquainted with the Bible.

The Lord spoke to Israel upon this subject, through the prophet

Malachi, nearly 3,000 years ago. After telling them how they had robbed him by withholding their tithing, he says:

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in my house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruit of your ground, neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of hosts."

The law of the Lord upon this subject to modern Israel, through the Prophet Joseph Smith, reads as follows:

"Verily, thus saith the Lord, I require all their surplus property to be put into the hands of the bishop of my Church in Zion, for the building of mine house, and for the laying of the foundation of Zion and for the priesthood, and for the debts of the Presidency of my Church. And this shall be the beginning of the tithing of my people. And after that, those who have thus been tithed shall pay one tenth of their interest annually; and this shall be a standing law unto them forever, for my holy priesthood, saith the Lord." Doc. & Cov. 119:1-4, also 120, as to how it is to be disposed of.

It will therefore be seen both from ancient and modern scriptures, that the Lord not only requires the payment of tithing, but has designated the purposes for which it shall be used; hence, it is not the province of the tithepayer, according to my reading of the revelations upon this subject, to direct otherwise. Neither is he, under any circumstances, to distribute it personally, as I understand some few have assumed to do.

I have thought how greatly the Latter-day Saints are blessed in having such a splendid organization through which their tithing can be disbursed, for back of it all, they have the wisdom of the best men on earth, and the inspiration of the Lord as well. Therefore we are fully assured that every dollar, thus contributed, will be properly used and that, too, without expense. Charitable institutions in the world are known in some cases to consume in expenses fifty percent of the sums given them. The Saints have a wider field of divinely inspired purposes for which their tithing can be used, as shown by the statement thereof, read at each annual conference of the Church, for their work is of broader scope than that of all other religious organizations combined, embracing not only the salvation of the living but also that of the dead.

Therefore, we should be infinitely more zealous in the observance of this law. None of our Christian friends have any plan to offer whereby the vast host who lived when the gospel was not upon the earth, may be saved, and yet the gospel, and its saving ordinances, are as necessary for them as for us, Christ's atonement and plan of redemption being for all our Father's children.

They who pay tithing in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints contribute to all of its most worthy purposes, and they will not only receive their reward, in spiritual and temporal blessings in

this life, but infinitely greater blessings in the life to come. Thereby, if equally worthy in other respects, they are promised immunity from those terrible judgments that the wickedness of men and nations will bring upon the inhabitants of the earth in this dispensation. The Lord said unto Malachi:

> "Behold, now it is called today until the coming of the Son of Man, and verily it is a day of sacrifice, and a day for the tithing of my people; for he that is tithed shall not be burned at his coming, for after today cometh the burning." Doc. & Cov. 64:23-24.

Not that he who pays his tithing and does nothing else will escape the punishments to come, or that money alone will purchase immunity, but because its payment has a tendency to rid us of those evil traits of character that the acquisition of money so often implant in the human heart, chief of which is selfishness and lack of sympathy for the unfortunate; also because he who tithes with a sincere desire to promote the many worthy activities of the Church, has his mind so set upon the worth-while and beautiful things of the kingdom, that he is very likely, by a rigorous self-discipline, to conform his life thereto.

Money is, in one sense, as much the god of this world today as were the images of wood and stone, the gods of the ancients, against which were hurled the thunders of Mt. Sinai, because men will jeopardize their very souls to obtain it. Its wrong use is truly "the root of all evil," but its good use is a benefit to any cause. Being the main-spring of our industrial and commercial activity, whatever of it we possess, usually measures the volume of our industry and frugality. When, therefore, by paying tithing, we contribute any portion of it to the work of the Lord we contribute a portion of our very existence.

The Savior said: "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

The amount a man has invested in any business measures his personal interest therein; and likewise, the more we do for the Church in a monetary way, the more our personal attention and interest is centered therein and in its exalted mission. Being an institution where God is at the head, it cannot fail to pay substantial dividends upon all our investments, not only in material things, but in the purification of the soul which is infinitely greater. If you do not believe it, try it, for the Savior of the world has said: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." John 7:17.

Berkeley, California

HEROES OF SCIENCE

By Pres. F. S. Harris and N. I. Butt
Of the Brigham Young University

8. Goodyear

When you seem to be knee deep in black discouragement and you are wondering whether anyone was ever so unfortunate as you, the story of the life of Charles Goodyear should give you heart. Discouragement was his lot for half a lifetime, but he fought onward until he finally came out triumphant. His plucky fight to learn the secret of making rubber useful should be known by everyone.

By a happy coincidence Goodyear was born in 1800, the year in which rubber, the product he was to bring into common use, was first brought to America in the crude form. He was born of old New England stock. His father was a hardware merchant of the typical Yankee sort who was always ingeniously improving the quality of his wares. From his father, Charles undoubtedly gained some of his ability to look on the things he was handling with a critical eye that he might make improvements.

In youth, while at his studies, Charles showed his ability to stick to a task. The more difficult the lesson, the more determined he was to master it. As with most youths, it was difficult for him to decide on a career, although because of his religious inclination, he thought some of entering the ministry.

By the time Goodyear had reached the age of 17 he had chosen to enter the mercantile business. Therefore he went to Philadelphia and served as an apprentice in a hardware store until he had mastered the trade. Then he returned home and went into partnership with his father. It was a very busy life he led because they were inventing and manufacturing improved tools during the portions of the day when they were not selling the goods.

At the age of 24 he married one who must have been a very faithful wife for, with never a complaint to her husband, she went through all the hardships that were soon to commence. Perhaps had she been of a different temperament Goodyear would never have discovered rubber vulcanizing.

Two years after their marriage, Charles left his father to start in the hardwood business for himself in Philadelphia. He did well, but as is too frequently done, he gave his customers more credit than the trade could stand, and soon found himself so deeply in debt that he was forced out of business. He might have appealed to the law and declared himself bankrupt but he chose to pay off the debts without going through this process. The laws in those days stated that anyone who could not pay his debts might be imprisoned, and this

is exactly what happened to Goodyear for many years following his failure.

While he was in prison the first time Goodyear decided to become an inventor and this pursuit he followed the rest of his days. Since youth he had always been fascinated with the qualities of the crude rubber then in use. At that time it resembled dough,—always sticky, fermenting easily, failing to hold its shape when warm, and freezing almost like a rock in cold weather. Naturally in either warm or in cold weather, it was a most disgusting material to wear when made into overshoes and coats. Most all manufacturing companies that tried to manufacture rubber goods in those days failed.

Goodyear talked with one of the discouraged manufacturers and learned of the perplexing difficulties they were having, and had his opinions confirmed about the great possibilities for the use of rubber if the disagreeable qualities could be eliminated. He decided that by sticking to the work of perfecting rubber he would be doing a great work for his own good as well as for the welfare of others. Throughout the rest of his life he kept to his purpose in spite of hundreds of disheartening process difficulties, starvation, rebukes by friends, and jail sentences by creditors.

Being practically penniless Goodyear did much of his early experimentation to perfect rubber in his own home. He rolled the rubber out with his wife's rolling pin and used only simple materials in attempting to improve the quality. Some of the first mixtures he tried looked so good that he induced a friend to advance him a little capital and made hundreds of fine looking and comfortable rubber shoes for sale. But he never sold them. When warm weather came, every one of the shoes melted into formless, doughy masses of rubber and Goodyear not only lost what they cost, but he also lost the confidence of practically all of the friends who might lend him money. They told him the best thing he could do would be to forget his ideas about rubber and secure employment in a hardware store where he could earn a living.

Undaunted, however, he went to New York where a friend provided him with lodging and he induced a good-natured druggist to advance him the chemicals he needed to carry on his experiments. Soon he met with a little encouragement by discovering that rubber which is coated with magnesia and boiled in lime lost its undesirable stickiness. In a fair in 1835 this new rubber took first prize. But there was a gross defect in rubber treated in this way—it would break to pieces when stretched only slightly and its use, therefore, was very limited.

Unpromising as was his progress thus far, Goodyear kept "plugging along." Hour after hour and day after day he mixed new chemicals with his rubber "dough." Then one day he discovered that nitric acid would take out the stickiness and cure the rubber much better than anything he had tried before. He returned home, and he

and his wife made rubber table cloths, aprons, and other articles which were so good that they sold readily and for a time good fortune began to appear. A wealthy man who saw some of the improved rubber went into partnership with Goodyear and preparations were made to manufacture on a large scale. Just then, however, the panic of 1836 came along leaving the man bankrupt, and stopping the sale of the rubber so completely that Goodyear was soon almost penniless and remained so for several years.

The final triumph began when Goodyear commenced to experiment with rubber to which sulphur had been added. Even after he was on the right track however, he lost hundreds of dollars which he had borrowed, because his goods, especially a large order of mail bags for the Government, were defective. When he finally discovered that the perfect rubber we know today must be mixed with sulphur, the moneyed men had lost confidence in him, and he was often thrown into prison for his debts. Along with other difficulties his health failed him and nothing appeared promising even though his goods were almost as perfect as are the rubber goods of today.

The road to commercial production on a large scale was finally cleared when a relative lent Goodyear enough money to begin manufacturing. The products withstood all the requirements called for by the customers and the sales began to increase tremendously. After ten years of patient experimenting, success was beginning to come to the inventor. But as soon as the rubber was perfected impostors began to claim the discovery, and it required years of litigation before Goodyear's rights were fully upheld.

While the discoverer never reaped a fortune from rubber, he gained fame and had the satisfaction of knowing that he brought into the world one of the most valuable products we have. In the form of rubber boots, overshoes, raincoats, etc., it is almost indispensable to our health. Even before Goodyear's death, rubber was used for making fire hose, suspenders, a great number of playthings such as balls, and for the insulation of electric wire. Since his time the uses have been extending over a wider field each year until today there is hardly a human activity in which rubber is not needed.

Provo, Utah

Prayer for Peace

O Father, bid the doves of Peace
Descend down from above,
Bid sin and hate and war to cease;
Fill earth with thy pure love.

Oakland, California. ANNIE G. LAURITZEN

TWO BY TWO

A True Incident from Life

By Lucy Wright Snow

The quiet of the midnight hour had settled upon a little cottage in Grand Rapids, Michigan, a quarter of a century ago. Dead silence reigned. A mother knelt beside the bed of her little one whose life was slowly ebbing away. Two other little ones lay asleep in the chamber, while the mother sobbed out the sorrow of her soul. She alone watched, and then, with a broken heart and a contrite spirit, she prayed: "Oh, Father, bless my little one, and if it be thy will, restore her to me, and, dear Lord, teach me the way to walk in thy paths and to serve thee, and I will walk, and I will serve forever more." God listened and smiled: the prayer of faith had healed the sick; the little one was restored to her happy mother and the testimony that God lives to bless and comfort his children, to hear and answer their prayers, burned deeply in that mother's heart. She had made a covenant with the Lord, "Give me back my child, and I will serve thee forevermore; teach me the way and I will serve." The child was healed; the way to serve was not yet learned.

True to her covenant, the thankful mother gathered her strength and doubled her efforts with a new determination to learn the way to serve the Lord and to walk in his paths, but still hungered and thirsted for the bread of life. Day after day she sought; day after day she failed to find new light. Each day her soul became more troubled than the day before. To all the cries of, "Lo, here is God," she found not what she sought.

One night, as she retired to her bed feeling that all was darkness around her, thinking of her search unrewarded, blinded by confusion, bowed with despair, she prayed, "Oh God! why hast thou forsaken me? Why are thy paths obscured from the vision of those who earnestly seek them?" Suddenly light came to her, and a message, saying: "When you see them traveling from door to door, two by two, without hire, delivering the Messiah's gospel, repent ye, believe and be baptized in my name, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, and be led into the truth, for 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned;' know that they are the servants of the Lord, and his sheep will know his voice."

Comforted, the good woman continued her search for Truth, unrewarded for a long time. One day, as she was ready to go to her work, a young man came to her door announcing himself as a missionary representing the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day

Saints. She invited him in and immediately became very much interested in the message he had to deliver. Soon she discovered that he was a "Mormon," whereupon she jumped to her feet and exclaimed: "Oh, do you belong to that degraded sect? I will not listen to anything more you have to say. I must leave you now."

As she reached the door, the light and the message which had come to her in answer to her prayer was brought to her recollection. Returning she said to the elder, "Excuse me, sir, I did not mean to be rude, I will hear your message, but I do not believe you have the truth for that is preached by elders traveling two by two, without purse or scrip, preaching without hire. The missionary, Elder V——, explained that his companion was unable to leave his room that morning, but that her description of how she expected to hear the gospel preached, tallied with their methods in every detail. For three hours the missionary explained the truths of the restored gospel; she listened with overwhelming interest. The elder then departed with a promise to return later with his companion, Elder F——.

Many times they returned to teach the way to this worthy woman and in due time she and her children were all baptized into the Church. Oh, what a happy, thankful soul was this mother. She had found the way, and she began to walk in it, and to serve. But how rough the way was to her tender feet; how uneducated she still felt in the service! Persecution was heaped upon her; sorrow clouds gathered thick and fast. Despised by her friends, rejected by her own, the poor servant was pronounced by the civic authorities of the city insane! Consigned to an asylum, robbed of her children she lay in the hospital sorely ill, apparently dying.

In Grand Rapids religious intolerance ran high. On personal freedom the clamp was on tight. Prejudice and human judgment was about to separate a mother from her children, while she lay in a state of collapse, unable to search or to serve. In her weakened condition she prayed unceasingly. The Saints of her acquaintance prayed; they fasted, petitioning the Great Physician to restore her to life and little ones. God listened and smiled; the prayer of faith had won again!

The district court was in session; the stern judge, about to pronounce this mother mentally incompetent, and to assign her children to the permanent care of her so called friends, was confronted by a woman, beautiful, well dressed, with commanding presence, who arose requesting to be heard. Something in her voice demanded attention. She was allowed to speak: "Your honor," the woman pleaded, her words penetrating the hearts of every soul present; "in the hospital yonder a worthy human life hangs on a thread—the thread of your decision. A fond mother is about to be robbed of the two things which to her are the dearest on earth—her children and her right to worship her God according to the dictates of her own

conscience. Now, in heaven's name, decide right, lest ye be judged!" The friend in the shadow, the woman of influence had won. The judge commanded: "Release this woman's children, and return them to her at once."

The prayer of faith had been heard again; our sister was healed—she walked again with surer tread—she served with greater grace. The children grew, they thrived, they married happily, they blessed their mother.

This faithful sufferer fought her last battle in Detroit, in March, 1924. There she passed to the great beyond, surrounded by her children and kind friends to whom she bore a valiant testimony of the Truth as long as she had breath. She had learned the way. While her heart beat she walked and she served.

Royal Oak, Mich.

The New Year

The old year goes out on a snow-covered bier,
The new one comes in amid shouts of good cheer.
The one has the record of things we have done,
The other points forward to those yet to come.
We see in the past all the progress we've made,
The part in the drama of life we have played.
We've had victories: good things achieved
That brought greater joy than all else we've received;
And failures: those things not done right,
When folly and weakness have clouded our sight.
But from the experience choice lessons we've learned,
If our hearts with repentance within us have burned.
We've looked through the mist with clear vision, at lengt.
If we've risen above these temptations with strength.
We are eager to rush to the new course that deals
With adventure, allurement of unexplored fields.
Are there in that future great storm-clouds ahead,
Which could we foresee now would bring fear and dread?
At sight of the tempest the strongest might quail,
And in the encounter we also may fail.
Whatever may come we shall know but success
If we battle unselfishly, doing our best,
There can be no failure—we truly succeed
When we follow Christ's teachings in thought and in deed.
Though defenders of righteousness carry a cross,
Their clear conscience says, triumph,—not loss,
If this be our guide we advance without fear,
And success shall be ours through the coming New Year.

Ogden, Utah OLIVE B. JENSON

MY THEORY OF WORLD PEACE

By Frederick J. Libby

[Hate is not the way to peace. You cannot build peace upon hate, for it is the seed of war. This is one of the leading thoughts in an address delivered in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, on the 16th of last November by the author. The National Council for Prevention of War, of which he is the secretary, is a clearing house of national organizations that join in, "The substitution of law for war as a method of settling international differences." This organization was formed in October, 1921, by representatives of seventeen national organizations, to promote the aims of the Washington conference on the limitation of armaments. Its name was then the National Council for Limitation of Armaments. The author, in outlining his theory of world peace, hopes to lead others to be equally explicit and to make it impossible for those who disagree on the subject to speak without understanding. He says further that the views expressed in this article in the *Era* are not given as those of the National Council for Prevention of War, whose three planks, he informs us, go no further than, Progressive world organization, World-wide reduction of armaments by international agreement, and World-wide education for peace. He thinks only good can come from a frank discussion, without bitterness, of the basic problem of our times. His tabernacle address was printed in the *Deseret News* of November 22, 1924. He was introduced by President Heber J. Grant and at the close of the address, President Grant expressed himself that as a people the Latter-day Saints are unqualifiedly in favor of peace, and always have been. He said further, "I am sure I express the opinion of all here present when I thank the speaker for the very splendid address that he has delivered to us." We are, therefore, sure that our readers will receive instruction on the subject of world peace from his written article which follows. The study of peace, an education in the gospel of peace, in order that the world may be prevented from another war—and that our children may be saved from having to go through what our boys of 1917-18 went through in the recent war, should take first place in the thoughts of all good citizens and of all good Christians.—*Editors.*]

Summary of Argument

Potential causes of war confront us on every hand. Peace has not come. Our military men tell us that getting ready for war is the way to peace. It is their duty to prepare the nation for war. This method, however, will not bring peace. It will only hasten another world war, and that would fatally weaken our white civilization.

To possess peace with justice and security, we must build machinery adequate to settle all international disputes that might cause war, and we must create behind the machinery a world opinion so strong that no nation will defy it. Small national armed forces theoretically can supplement world opinion, but the reliance must be on world opinion. Competitive armaments, the result of fear or ambition, must be progressively abolished by international agreement. International understanding and goodwill must be consistently cultivated beginning in the schools. The road to peace is a long uphill road.

For machinery we shall require a court for our legal disputes and a town meeting of the world for the rest. I favor immediate adherence to the existing World Court with the Hughes reservations. For the world town meeting, I believe that we should join the existing League of Nations with reservations on Articles X and XVI in order that we may avoid both legal and moral commitments to use either military or economic force. These seem to me to be the first two steps towards peace.

The third step is the outlawry of war. Since this will involve sacrifice of sovereignty in certain respects for the sake of peace, with a voluntary agreement to submit to the proper tribunal all disputes that threaten war, it requires a higher development of the will to peace than does the creation of the Court and League. It will fail if attempted as a political device to perpetuate the *status quo*. It can succeed only when the nations, and especially the great powers, are willing to be just, have a reasonable appreciation of one another's problems, and are actuated by a fair degree of goodwill.

The Geneva Protocol for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes and Senator Borah's proposal for the outlawry of war should be studied together in the light of the concrete problems to be solved, especially the political and human problems. I believe that the provision for "sanctions" to be automatically applied is impracticable.

A conference for the reduction and limitation of land, sea, and air armaments is imperatively needed in the interest of economy and world peace. No one knows how soon such a conference can be held with reasonable assurance of even partial success. All nations must participate. I believe that a conference of this kind would now be more fruitful if held in Geneva than if held in Washington.

The interim policy for the United States should be to avoid increasing armaments, holding "defense days," and the like. Our aggressive and growing militarism is bringing us no added security and is engendering fear and suspicion at home and abroad. On the other hand, as mighty armaments give a sense of security and stability—albeit a mistaken sense—I expect no substantial reduction by America alone.

"Peace! Peace!" When There is no Peace

We are farther from peace than we were in 1922. The French occupation of the Ruhr and the passage by Congress of the Japanese Exclusion Act were blows at the very heart of world peace. Hate has been growing in Europe. Militarism has been given a new lease of life in Germany and in Japan. The question of race equality has been made a permanently living issue to be coupled in future years with the problems raised by white domination over peoples that want to be free.

New Alsace Lorraines—such as the Polish Corridor—have been

created by the Versailles Treaty. Religious and race antagonisms, kept acute by the economic imperialism of the white race, stir the awakening Mohammedan world.

Militarist and narrow nationalist groups in every country flood the press with propaganda breathing fear or hate. A new race in armaments has started. Our Monroe Doctrine, in view of the growing importance of the immigration question, contains dangerous possibilities insofar as it may be regarded as a commitment to go to war for Latin-American policies. Taken in conjunction with certain acts of aggression on our part and with the utterances of our jingoes, which are reprinted from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn, it injects poison constantly into our relations with Latin America, so that our military guarantee of two continents brings us no gratitude but only suspicion from our grown-up and unwilling wards.

The Dawes Plan is a fleeting ray of sunshine in a dark and ominous sky. We are not drifting into permanent peace.

No Salvation in Increasing Preparedness

Our military men tell us to get ready for war. This is their duty. We are surrounded by potential causes of war. In their optimistic or disingenuous moments, our militarists talk of "peace by preparedness." "America must be so strong that no nation will dare attack her," is a popular slogan.

Preparedness never has prevented war and it never will. Germany had that slogan. Look at her! History shows that preparedness has always led to war. It can lead nowhere else.

We build; our rivals build—cruisers, airplanes, gas factories, submarines, armies. We build more; they build more. A race in armaments starts, and this always ends in war.

General Frederick B. Maurice of the British army says: "I used to believe that if you want peace, you must prepare for war; but I have come to see that, if you prepare for war thoroughly and efficiently, you will get war."

Another World War Would Finish Us

Militarist theories predicate winning one's wars. No nation won the last war. France is less secure than in 1914; England is less prosperous. All the "victor" nations are staggering under taxes and armaments; and there are the multitudinous dead.

Herbert Hoover at Los Angeles on Armistice Day declared that another great war would be the "cemetery of civilization." Winston Churchill describes it as the "general doom." His article entitled "Shall We Commit Suicide?" should be widely read.

A war of airplanes, poison gas, and hate—a baby killers' war—the women conscripted and exterminated with the men—a city wiped out at a time—America's cities almost as vulnerable as Europe's, now

that airships and submarines carry planes—such a war would surely be the twilight of the white civilization. We should perish as other civilizations in the brief span of human history have perished before us.

Consequently, while war is threatening from every quarter, preparedness for war offers no hope to any nation—not even the hope of victory. Increasing preparedness can only hasten the "general doom." Our sole hope of survival lies in preparing adequately and intelligently for peace.

History Has Shown a Successful Way Out

The way out of the perilous chaos into which godless and stupid policies have brought the world is a way that has proved uniformly successful. It has been tried so far in cities, states, and nations. It worked in the Maine township where I grew up, and it works equally well on a national scale in every civilized land on which the sun shines. It is now universally practiced—except between nations.

Machinery Plus Public Opinion

We call it, roughly speaking, the substitution of law for war. To express it more accurately, our present task is to build machinery adequate to settle all disputes that might cause war, and to build behind that machinery a sound world opinion capable of bearing very heavy strains.

Machinery unsupported by public opinion is dead. On the other hand, public opinion without machinery through which to function is helpless.

These are the two main tasks. At the same time, armaments must be reduced by international conferences, war must be outlawed, and goodwill must be cultivated. The development of goodwill should be begun in the schools.

The Machinery Essential

In Maine we had both a court and a town meeting to keep us out of war. The court dealt with our legal disputes and the town meeting with the rest. Both were supported by public opinion. The strength of this opinion made the work of our one policeman light. The system worked.

In California in '49, men relied on pistols for justice and security. It did not work. Thugs could shoot as straight as honest men. So in California they shifted from the war system to the law system and were able before long to forbid the carrying of pistols. Obviously, this change of method was wrought without changing human nature.

The progress of civilization has been characterized by just such an extension of the reign of law. One step remains to be taken. Since

it works everywhere else, we should enthrone law between nations. As I see it, the essential institutions necessary are those with which New Englanders are familiar—a court for the world's legal disputes and a town meeting for the rest.

The World Court

A court of justice has long been recognized by American statesmen as the cornerstone of world peace. It is clear to anyone who thinks that some provision must be made for the settlement of legal disputes. The Hague Tribunal is not a court of law, but a court of arbitration, and therefore cannot perform the tasks now under our consideration.

The Permanent Court of International Justice, popularly called the World Court, is the kind of court required. It has been accepted by 47 nations. It, too, meets at The Hague. It is largely the creation of American genius. Elihu Root is its father. It is the practically universal judgment of the peace forces of America that our first step towards peace should be to join the existing World Court and with the Hughes reservations. The Hughes reservations protect us from inadvertently joining the League before we are ready. We accept this limitation. We will proceed one step at a time.

No substitute plan receives any support whatever, and for excellent reasons. This specific proposal has the endorsement of President Coolidge and of both the Republican and Democratic platforms. I regard joining the World Court with the Hughes reservations as this winter's job (1924-1925). The Senate has had the measure before it in committee nearly two years. Meanwhile the world drifts towards war. It is reasonable to demand speedy action. We must all work to secure it through our Senators.

The League of Nations With Reservations

As a court can deal only with legal disputes, and as the most dangerous disputes named above are political and economic rather than legal, it is clear that the World Court alone will not end war. A town meeting of the world under some name is as necessary as the court. This fact is generally recognized and the idea of a League of Nations is nearly everywhere accepted.

The existing League of Nations I used to oppose on the ground that it seemed to me to be so tied up with the Versailles Treaty that it was more likely to cause war than to prevent it. I believe still that its coercive features are impracticable. I have come to the conviction, however, that America should now consider joining the League of Nations with such reservations on Articles X and XVI as will relieve us from every legal and moral obligation to go to war or to undertake any coercive economic measures that might lead to war. We should also be protected by reservation from any possible

construction of obligation under the Versailles Treaty. I may add that my observation is that the genuine opposition to the League in this country is in reality opposition to the commitments indicated in these reservations.

Although the League is still in its formative period, it is, I believe, firmly established. Fifty-five out of 64 eligible nations belong to it. Turkey and Germany will probably join within twelve months. Then only Russia, the United States, Mexico and four small nations of those now eligible will remain outside.

Important decisions are being made by the League. America should have a part in making all such decisions, because they inevitably affect our future. The world is now a community, and the welfare of each nation is closely wrapped up with the decisions of the rest.

The League, fortunately, was not made a political issue of the recent presidential campaign. Secretary Hughes for one took pains to say that he regarded our foreign relations as not an issue. Party politics should stop at the 3-mile limit. Secretary Hughes was also careful to say with reference to the League that it was against the "commitments" of the Covenant that he believed America had declared herself. I believe that we should join the League of Nations on the conditions stated and that we should do so during the present Administration. It is surely becoming increasingly difficult for us to stay outside.

The Outlawry of War

With court and town meeting established, I believe that the effective outlawry of war is possible. War cannot be outlawed if this is proposed as a device to preserve the present division of territory in Europe. War cannot be outlawed for the protection of injustice or oppression anywhere. Such political chicanery in the outlawry of war would in the end meet with a fearful punishment.

The outlawry of war can succeed permanently, I think, only when accompanied by a general willingness on the part of nations to be just and by such an appreciation of others' problems as will lead to a friendly spirit of "give and take." Such jealous nationalism as has historically ruled our Senate is incompatible with it. "Vital interests" and "the national honor" cannot be made exceptions for private treatment, neither can "domestic" questions that are not exclusively domestic, as the American delegation justly urged at the recent opium convention.

The honest outlawry of war demands a higher development of the will to peace and justice than has been observed among great nations in the past. This is why it is the third rather than the first step to be taken. Yet, until aggressive war has been branded as a crime, and until the aggressor has been defined, the prevention of war will be haphazard, and the growth of an effective world opinion against war will be slow and uncertain.

The Geneva Protocol for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes has been ratified by 16 nations including France. It deserves study side by side with the Borah Resolution. Personally I believe that "sanctions" which are to become effective automatically are impracticable. I cannot imagine England seizing our property or blockading us because our Senate refused to accept a League decision.

Wise men make no threats, knowing that they may not want to carry them out and that perhaps to do so would be injustice and folly. Events have justified the founders of our Republic in giving the Supreme Court no force but public opinion to support its decisions as between states. The system has limped at times, but it has always worked better than attempted coercion would have done.

Development of International Law

International Law is in its infancy. It is mainly concerned with procedure in war—a procedure no longer observed. It needs to be extended and codified. I believe that this can best be done by a commission of the League of Nations, which shall report from time to time to the League of Nations Assembly. Late news from Rome indicates that this is being provided for by the Council of the League.

Conference on Reduction of Armaments

Both the League of Nations and President Coolidge have given expression to the universal desire to reduce the burden of armaments in the interest of economy and world peace. Armaments, speaking generally, express a nation's fears or the ambitions of its controlling classes. Reduction of armaments will follow increasing world security and still more extensively an increasing sense of security, which is a very different matter. We are used to our armaments as we are used to locking our doors at night. Neither actually gives security, although we have been brought up to think both do. I have shown above that armaments cannot give security from another world war, and that is the only security that would be worth having.

Increase of armaments increases the general sense of insecurity. Therefore, while waiting for another conference on the limitation of armaments, we should not hold "defense days" nor competitively multiply our cruisers, submarines, and other arms. President Coolidge is right in "standing pat" on the vast sum of $550,000,000 as enough for war preparation for the year 1926.

On the other hand, drastic reduction of armaments, except by international agreement, is psychologically impracticable for us in the present state of things. Hence another conference for the reduction and limitation of land, sea, and air forces is necessary. To be fruitful, it must include all nations. France cannot disarm unless Russia does. Although it might seem that Washington would in some respects offer the best atmosphere for such a conference, it must be remembered that France has not yet ratified some of the important treaties adopted

here three years ago (1921). Delegates achieve nothing permanent if they go beyond public sentiment at home. Consequently, as the League of Nations is considering such a conference, I believe it might be well for it to meet in Geneva. There would, perhaps, be greater probability that its decisions would be accepted by the powers represented.

No Salvation in Machinery

Machinery will not save the world. It is dead by itself. When legislation gets too far ahead of public opinion, we have trouble in enforcing our laws. Similarly the weakness of the League of Nations has been mainly the weakness of the public opinion behind the League. It will be remembered that the League was set up at a time when to a considerable degree the world was skeptical of its practicability.

Press opinion in France scoffed at "Wilson's ideology." Lloyd George exacted payment for his support. Our Senate rejected the League through the efforts of a determined minority of doubters. Puny and unwelcome, it lived by the faith of a few men until Italy last year, by defying it, proved to the small nations its vital worth.

Now the terrors of the future have made the League the cornerstone of the foreign policy of several states including France. It is flouted still by the nationalists of every country when it stands in their way; but even they do not dare try to destroy it. Without it no one sees any hope ahead—nothing but universal warfare and wholesale extermination until the end.

Growing Public Opinion Behind League

The change, be it noted, has been in public opinion. The small nations saw in the attack on Greece the fact that their existence rests with the League. French liberals perceived that they could reduce the burden of armaments and achieve security only through the League. Statesmen, leaders of thought everywhere, discovered that they were leaning upon it more and more heavily as they looked ahead into the dark.

Winston Churchill, sincere imperialist though he be, writes: "It is through the League of Nations alone that the path to safety and salvation can be found. To sustain and aid the League of Nations is the duty of all." His government failed to live up to his wise admonition in the recent crisis in Egypt, but it is something that he should have recognized the obligation in principle. The League will progressively destroy imperialism, one may hope.

Building World Opinion

We have only to read our morning paper thoughtfully to become aware that the sound world opinion required to make the new machinery of justice effective will not come of itself. It must be

built by the conscious and purposeful cooperation of governments and of all good citizens.

England and Egypt

England's conservative government has just thrown away a precious opportunity of this kind in refusing to submit to the League her quarrel with Egypt and resorting to the coercive policy of the old diplomacy, seizing the opportunity of a murder to advance the interests of the empire.

The thirst for liberty that is stirring North Africa, the Near East, and India cannot be quenched by repression. "Only a few agitators are to blame for this unrest," say the old-school imperialists. That is what they said with some justice of the American Colonies once. England would have been wiser to strengthen the League now against the difficult days that everyone can see ahead of the British Empire.

It is by such voluntary submission of important matters to the Court and League by governments strong enough to evade doing so that in the last instance our world opinion must be built.

A Task for all Good Citizens

Despite two glaring instances of Congressional insularity that are at present in our minds—passage of the Japanese Exclusion Act and two years' delay in taking up the World Court—in the long run and haltingly a democratic government obeys the people's will. If we want international law and order in place of war and chaos, we must say so and keep saying so.

How is public opinion created? How was Mr. Coolidge elected president? Talk, talk, talk and talk, talk, talk. Not, as it happens in this instance, by Mr. Coolidge but by those who wanted him for president. It was talk in the press and talk from the soapbox and talk in the circles in which one moved, talk with convincing earnestness, talk with arguments that reached down to the motives on which men really act.

Similarly in furthering the only policy that can save our country and our civilization from being ruined by another war, we must talk, talk, talk and talk, talk, talk—in the press, from the pulpit, in the schoolroom, in books, from the billboards, in public meetings, and through the programs of club and lodge and grange. We must work as men in haste, remembering that we are sure only of this "period of exhaustion," in which to build machinery and world opinion, both strong enough to bear incredible strain. It will be only as by the skin of our teeth that the world will get by some of the danger corners that we all can see must be passed.

Why America particularly? Because what is whispered in America today echoes and re-echoes around the world.

Must Begin in the Schools

All movements that succeed start in the schools. It is in the schools of the world that the peace movement will succeed or fail. If the old style militant nationalism continues to be taught there—the arrogance, the hate of past days—there is no hope.

Hate is being taught now in the schools of every land and sometimes it is called patriotism. For myself, I learned to love France and to hate England as a schoolboy, through the lessons of the Revolutionary war. These lessons could have been taught without breeding hate, I think; but they weren't.

South and North have not yet agreed on a history of the United States. Both are handing down from generation to generation the animosities of the Civil War by using different textbooks with utterly different viewpoints. They call this loyalty. It is loyalty to the past but not to the future. The future demands that the glorification of war with its hatreds shall cease.

Cultivate and Teach Goodwill

Secretary Hughes, in the course of his famous speech, May 15, which, whether intentionally or not, cut the ground from under "Defense Day," said, "There is only one avenue to peace. That is in the settlement of actual differences and the removal of ill will. All else is talk, form, and pretense."

After speaking of the settlement of differences through "institutions of justice," he went on as follows: "Between friends any difficulty can be settled. There is no substitute for goodwill. There is no mechanism of intercourse that can dispense with it."

I am convinced of the correctness of Secretary Hughes' conclusion. We must be better men if our race is to survive. A civilization shot through with hate cannot continue long after it is fully equipped with poison gas and airplanes. Even for self-preservation we must cultivate goodwill—goodwill between classes and religions and nations and races.

We must subdue in our own hearts the swiftly rising prejudice by nursing, often by an effort of the will, the kindly thought that follows tardily. We must seek to know and understand those we hate; for then, as Charles Lamb discovered, we cannot hate them. Cooperation must replace isolation; progressive world organization must replace international anarchy; and, above all, the spirit of the team must replace "grandstand playing" and national egotism.

It Will Work

The success of our national experiments in "audacious friendliness"—returning the Boxer indemnity to China, feeding the children of Europe, aiding stricken Japan; the success of Ramsay MacDonald's pursuit of the same policy, which changed the atmosphere of Europe

markedly for the better in six months; the success of Herriot in his policy of "rapprochement" with Germany, following Poincare's ghastly failure with coercion—all this goes to show that international relations are but human problems and that the spirit that "removes" our personal "mountains" will be similarly triumphant between nations. Our realists are going to discover some day to their astonishment that the "practical" policy they are seeking, the policy that will bring security with justice and peace, is the very policy of **audacious** friendliness functioning through appropriate machinery. We can climb up to peace in no other way.

To a Dead Enemy

(France, 1918)

Still in your stiffened grasp you cling
  To weapons that were meant to deal
Death's loathsome and unwanted sting,
  And crush beneath war's iron heel
Lives that to countless homes did bring
  Love's joy and faith that makes home real.

The fate that you would have had mine,
  Fortune has bidden shall be yours;
And now, although o'er you I pine,
  Your death with that unseemly gore
I surely would not like for mine.
  As fair a face, in life before,
I've never seen as now is thine.
  —Peace to thy soul, forevermore!

And ere o'er thee thy cloak I throw,
  To hide from heaven your silent face,
I curse the cause that laid thee low,
  And stole from quiet home your grace,
Where you had caused warm hearts to glow,
  And love to light a mother's face.

Henceforth I see with new-born eyes
  The selfish frailties of man.
The politics I well despise,
  As deeply as a human can,
That ignored the warnings of the wise
  Ere that grim war in blood began.

Too late for peace talk, when we see
  The fearful ravages begun;
And war's the only policy
  When nations all their flags have flung.
But you will answer, statesmen all,
  From Rhineland to the farthest west!
—God grant a lasting peace to all!
  Dear enemy, and to thy soul sweet rest.

Belleisle, N. B., Canada ALAN C. REIDPATH

SPEAKING OF IZAAK WALTON—

By G. P. Barber

Impatiently the Boss prodded his horse into the stream. The raindrops fell gently upon his bare back and legs. The whole world seemed to drip.

Suddenly I shouted, "She's loose!"

The Boss turned in his saddle. I raised the pole a scant foot and gave a tentative pull on the line. It was certain that the hook was no longer fast between the rocks.

Splash!

"What the dickens!" I yelled, as the tip of the pole brushed the surface of the water.

"It came loose in the night and a fish swallowed it," said the Boss, chuckling.

Just then I was too busily engaged in landing the lively fellow who was cutting circles in the waters of Little Grey's to pay much attention to the Boss's words. I saw a wide tail flap the water once, and I knew from the tug on the line that I was hooked in a sizable trout. He must have been almost drowned, however, as I had him on the bank in a moment or two, and he ceased to struggle immediately.

"About two pounds," guessed the Boss, answering my unspoken query.

This was the climax of one of the strangest fishing episodes I have ever known. The evening before, the Boss and I had arrived on Little Grey's for a few days' fishing. We had had supper, and then had strayed down on the river for a few casts before darkness fell. It was raining, a gentle drizzle, and the trout were biting hungrily. We stood on the bank and cast into a series of deep riffles fifty yards in length. Suddenly I noticed three glossy creatures coming down stream, riding the waves. Only their long, satiny necks and beautiful slender heads were visible.

"Otter," pronounced the Boss. He has a way of answering my greenhorn questions before they reach my lips.

They were almost as tame as kittens. Twenty yards below us they swam out of the stream and waddled into the brush, appearing to be unconscious of our presence.

"They don't often see anybody. Too far up the river. An occasional sheepherder, perhaps. The fur is no good this time of year." The Boss again volunteered interesting information.

During this time we had both allowed our lines to sag in the water, and when my companion raised his pole to re-cast he found the hook to be caught fast between two rocks. All the wiles known

to an angler of fifty years' experience failed to dislodge the hook. We planted the butt of the pole in the mud, and as it was then dark the Boss decided to leave the snag as it was for the night. He planned to strip off his clothes in the morning and ride out on his horse and pry the hook loose. But Speckled Trout, Esq., obligingly did the job for him while we slept beneath the pines. As I told the Boss at breakfast, between bites of the intrepid one's deliciously fried flesh, it was a mighty poor way to show our gratitude—cooking him over the coals! I regret to say that on that trip we were hard-hearted marauders—after prey, not to be deterred by mere sentiment.

Luck was with us. It continued to rain. Drenched to the skin, and slightly numbed with cold as a result of sitting still and working my jaws only, I ventured a mild imprecation upon the wetness of the weather.

"Mighty good thing, too, boy," stated the Boss, emphatically. These fellows up here in this clear water bite lots better when it's raining. The water's full of bugs and things, and they have a gay time roping them in. We'll get twice the fish if it keeps raining."

While the fisherman, always unsparing of his own strength in order to save me the routine toil of these trips, attended to staking out the pack horses and putting out the campfire with a dozen buckets of water, I followed his movements with eyes that lingered long and affectionately upon his diminutive form. To be on a trip in the hills with the Boss is the event of a life time. We entertain a mutual understanding, sympathy and regard that defies the ravages of time and adversity. Beyond the confines of my immediate family there is no one whom I regard with the same deep and sincere affection.

"You dear old scout," I murmured to myself while a mist for the moment obstructed my vision. "You'd break your neck to show this worthless chunk of horseflesh a good time."

A lull in the storm had come. My gaze wandered to the distant hills, pine-clad and shining vividly green, laden with their mantle of resplendent pearls. The river below, nosing its way between abrupt walls of towering rock, went its serene but inexorable way to the majestic Snake, seventeen miles below. I have always marveled at the peculiar color of Little Grey's—a light jade green, unlike the waters of any stream I have ever known. Another characteristic is the extreme clearness. I can describe that transparent, crystal-like quality best by adding that the waters of Little Grey's are as clear as those of Crater Lake in Oregon are blue. Those of you who have visited Crater Lake National Park will readily grasp the significance of the comparison.

I gazed upon the flowing river and dreamed. All lovers of nature are dreamers. The vast phenomena of nature, unfolding in constantly changing vistas of wonder and sheer delight, grips the sensi-

bilities as nothing else does. It purges the soul of dross, and the idealist and dreamer emerges.

Perhaps I should have still been there had not the Boss brought me back to earth with a jab of a fishing pole in my ribs.

"Let's be going, boy. Say, what the Sam Hill have you been looking at—a mirage," he demanded, noticing the mesmerized glow that shone from my eyes.

For once I felt too sheepish to take the Boss into my confidence. Not that he wouldn't have betrayed a keen interest and a sympathetic understanding, but I was a little ashamed of my emotion, perhaps.

The clouds were again lowering and the rain beginning to patter down as I mounted the spirited Red, and the Boss "climbed aboard" staid old French, veteran of a hundred trips to the hills. We rode slowly down the grassy slope, through the dripping underbrush to the river. Once more I had become the materialist, and looked forward to an exciting day of fishing with keen relish.

We baited with grasshoppers caught at the ranch two days before, and let our lines float downstream as we forded at the place where we had seen the otters the night before.

"Good thing we brought these 'hoppers along," said the Boss. "We'd never have been able to catch any here in the rain; there's none out. It's a queer thing. The fish in Grey's will usually take 'hoppers anytime—rain or shine. I've an idea a bullhead on a spinner would appeal to some big fellow this morning, though. I'll try and get on when we reach the shallows."

By this time we had clambered upon the trail and for a few minutes trotted briskly along. After riding for perhaps a mile the Boss swerved off into the bushes and followed a faint trail to the water's edge. I was delighted with the sight of the beautiful fishing water that met my eyes. On both sides of the river were deep bluish-green holes, some in the curvature formed by rocks and others swirling beneath giant pines. I noted with appreciation that riffles led into each hole, and knew before ever casting a line that trout, without doubt, large ones, were feeding on those ripples.

"I'll go across," volunteered the Boss, and without further parley coaxed old French into the stream and plunged to the other side.

I baited with 'hoppers and fished the likely-looking eddies along my side of the river. Several nice trout were added to my basket, but the big fellows refused to swallow the bait. Several times I saw the broad brown back of some redoubtable old he-trout as he came to the surface to investigate the prize I had to offer. Each time he retired, disgusted.

"A little too dark for 'hoppers," I decided after fifteen minutes' unsuccessful attempts to entice the wary rascals to take the morsels offered them. "I'll see if they will stick up their noses at flies."

They did. Grey Hackle, Brown Hackle, Coachman, Royal

Coachman, Queen of the Water, White Miller, Black Knat—these and sundry other favorites from my collection of approved flies for Star Valley waters failed to arouse any enthusiasm whatever in the indifferent inhabitants of the deep. Several times I thought I discerned a sardonic grin wrinkle the nose of some old grandpa as he ponderously played hide-and-go-seek with the gaudy bit of color.

"Darn it all! What in time do these old greybeards want, anyhow," I muttered, disgustedly, sitting down on the wet bank to think it over.

I glanced down the river. The Boss was nowhere in sight.

"He's down in the shallows, looking for a bullhead, I'll bet all the trout in Grey's River," I thought.

That random thought called to mind the Colorado spinner, and I searched my fly book and leader box for one of suitable size. I was able to find but one—a copper No. 2, and with little hope of obtaining any results, tied it to the leader. I had no bullhead, and there was no possibility of getting one where I was, as the water along the shore was deep and swift. Bullheads lurk in shallow places, under the rocks, and I knew that my chances of capturing one in that particular spot were slim.

Most fishermen use the Colorado spinner without bait. Under the expert coaching of the Boss I had learned that the spinner was far more effective when used with angle worm, grasshopper or bullhead impaled on one hook. This is a weapon devised to lure the largest trout that swim the waters to a speedy reckoning with Fate, and it is to be said to the credit of the diabolical contraption that it often does as it is intended to do.

If my folks hadn't christened me "George" for a first name, and thought seriously of "Washington" for a second (they intended to make me the recipient of this honor until my mother's mother suggested another and insisted upon its adoption) I could cause the bored reader to prick up his ears at this point by describing an exciting battle with, and capture of, at least an eight pounder. But with my name it is impossible to stray from the truth. I'm sorry, gentle reader.

The spinner failed to dislodge the finny Goliaths from their apathy, so I wrapped the line tightly about the fishing pole, untied Red's bridle rein, and rode down the trail, intent on finding the Boss and getting his line-up on the speckled tribe.

Five minutes later I came in sight of the one whom I was seeking. He was still on the other side of the river, and was fishing in the still water just back of a huge boulder half way out in the stream. A bank fifty or sixty feet high sloped to the water's edge, and was of shaly formation. Just as I arrived opposite the Boss, and was about to call to him, I became aware of the fact that he was hooked in a fish of more than ordinary proportions. His line was moving rapidly down stream, impelled by some irresistible force, and the Boss

was following the line in desperate haste, scrambling over the rocks in a frantic endeavor to keep up with the maddened trout, stung by the tearing hook that clung tenaciously to his jaw. He dared not snub, as to do so would have snapped the line or leader as a seamstress snaps a thread, and he could play out no more line as it was tied at the tip of his pole. The Boss had always scoffed at the idea of fishing with rod of split bamboo or steel, with a reel attached. His old-fashioned cane pole enabled him to play just so much line, and he had played the limit. So he needs must follow where the fish led, and the furious old dragon led him a merry chase. At times my heart jumped into my mouth when the pole bent sharply and it appeared as if the line must snap. But by the skin of his teeth the Boss would prevent the tragedy, or rather I should say by the cleverness of his footwork. The excitement of the struggle is impossible to picture in words—Izaak Walton with his vivid angler's vernacular perhaps could have done it justice—and as I then stood petrified unable to help with word or deed I now find it impossible to paint a word picture of that intensely dramatic struggle.

Down stream would dash the shackled swimmer, then he would whirl giddily and lash the water in an upstream run for freedom. High into the air he would leap, shooting spray that gleamed like highly polished bits of steel. In these leaps he would shake his jaws savagely to free them from the barb—then splash! his broad, mobile tail would strike the water with a resounding clap.

I knew the trout must tire, but I was afraid the Boss would tire first. He showed signs of weariness; the hand that held the pole visibly trembled. I did not, however, correctly estimate the amount of endurance in that hardened frame. I was to see him pilot the vanquished but gallant warrior gently to the water's edge and lift him out of the water. Then the Boss sat down to rest.

He regarded his victory modestly. He did not exult in the capture. In fact, he appeared a bit rueful. The Boss admires pluck And why should he gloat over the unusual dimensions of this trout? He had caught dozens as large. And he wrote me one time that he had landed a fourteen pounder on Salt River.

How much did it weigh? Of course you must ask that. The Boss didn't say. He said it was a "pretty nice fish." That is strong language for him.

When I looked up from the typewriter at this point and asked my wife what the usual climax in a fish story is, she said, "A great big lie!"

So I guess this story hasn't any climax.

Boneta, Utah

PROPHECY AND HISTORY

A Study for the Advanced Senior Class M. I. A., 1924-25

Prophecy—The Book of Mormon

Lesson XVI—Some Prophecies in the Book of Mormon Already Fulfilled

Special References for Class Study: 1. I Nephi 19:13-14; 2. II Nephi 1:10-11; 3. II Nephi 3:7-21; 4. Mosiah 15:1-7; 5. Mosiah 17:13-18.

Questions and Problems

1. Give historical proof that the prediction recorded in I Nephi 19:13-14 has already been fulfilled.
2. Correlate II Nephi 1:10-11 with the Latter-day Saint hymn beginning "O, stop and tell me, Red man."
3. Give proof of the fulfilment of the prediction rceorded in II Nephi 3:7-21.
4. Show the fulfilment of the prophecies of Abinadi recorded in Mosiah 15:1-7.
5. What custom among the Indians proves the fulfilment of the words of the prophet martyr Abinadi recorded in Mosiah 17:13.

Lesson XVII—Some Prophecies in the Book of Mormon now being Fulfilled

Special References for Class Study: 1. I Nephi 19:15, 16; 2. I Nephi 22:11, 12; 3. II Nephi 3:12, 13; 4. Mosiah 15:28; 5. Ether 12:28.

Questions and Problems

1. What are the Latter-day Saints doing towards the fulfilment of the prophecy recorded in I Nephi 19:15, 16?
2. What recent historical events indicate that the prophecy recorded in I Nephi 22:11, 12 is being fulfilled?
3. Connect the humility feature of missionary work with the fulfilment of the prophecy content of II Nephi 3:12, 13.
4. Name the nations to which we are offering or have offered the gospel in fulfilment of the prediction recorded in Mosiah 15:28.
5. Who made the prophetic declaration recorded in Ether 12:28 and how is it being fulfilled?

Lesson XVIII—Some Prophecies in the Book of Mormon not yet being Fulfilled

Special References for Class Study: 1. I Nephi 19:17; 2. II

Nephi 3:24; 3. Mosiah 16:1, 2; 4. Ether 13:8-10; 5. III Nephi 16 (entire chapter).

Questions and Problems

1. Connect the idea of a universal peace program with the fulfilment of the prophecy recorded in I Nephi 19:17.
2. From what race may we expect the exceptional preacher spoken of in II Nephi 3:24?
3. Correlate the prediction recorded in Mosiah 16:1, 2 with the admonition, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness."
4. To whom is the promise made by the prediction recorded in Ether 13:1-10?
5. Who uttered the prophetic warning found in III Nephi 16:10 and to what nation was the warning given?

Utah

Utah, O, Utah! A chosen,
Blessed land art thou.
Touched by the hand of God,
Thrice blessed thy every sod;
For in thy breast lie buried great treasures yet untold,
Thy fruits from field and garden are fair and manifold;
Thy many streamlets sparkle through meadow, hill, and plain,
Renew the fertile valleys caressed by waving grain;
High mountains skirt the landscape, full robed in lasting snow,
While lofty heights and summits reflect the sunset's glow;
Thy salt sea's brilliant sunsets enchanteth ev'ry one,
Far-flung their fame and beauty, from east to setting sun.
Thy great Bryce canyon's splendor unmatched in sister states,
With scintillating glory, in dawning morning breaks.
Thou land of peace and sunshine, where seagulls build their nest,
Great heritage awaits thee, star of the magic west.

Mt. Pleasant, Utah MRS. GRACE JACOBSEN

AS THE SUN GOES DOWN

By Joseph Jenkins

The sun goes down in the west to some of us and leaves a trail of desolation and regret. Along the path toward the setting sun, many of us see only skeletons and desert waste. To those whose lives have been full of faith and hope, to those whose actions have been clean and pure, to those whose trust in God has been humble and sincere, to those who have fulfilled the great commandment—"love thy neighbor"—to all these, the sun goes down, not upon a scene of desolation and death, but sinks to rest upon the opening of a brighter life.

O what regret must be for the one whose life has not the spirit of love and service in it! This life is not one for mere pleasure and lightness. These, if not used rightfully, will leave only vain sorrow and sadness. Life is but one step in the great chain of the eternities of progress through which we must pass in gladness or in sorrow—gladness because of our having lived this life with the ideal in view that life is wonderful and good, and having met our sinking sun with face up and head erect, pure and undefiled; sorrow because our lives have been wastes and deserts and the trail, lighted by our sinking sun, strewn with skeletons and desolation.

The sun does not go down in the west for those fine old people whose lives have been so filled with loving kindness to others. It goes toward, and opens up, the morning of a new and brighter day. There have been shadows along the way, but the shadows have been only there to make the flowers and the paintings of Nature more beautiful. To the lives blessed with faith and service, darkness and waste do not enter therein; but in the evening of such lives there is the beginning of a new day—a day with fewer shadows and cares, but still a day on which the sun shines in splendor, and to which is added art of color and gladness of earned rewards. Can we picture a sadder life than one without faith, without hope, without service, one whose sinking sun sets across a desert waste, and whose rays of light try to brighten up the blighted life of wasted efforts? To such a life, the sun goes down, really down.

In the morning of youth, the sun shines bright and clear. Our paths of life toward the setting sun are made by us. Along these paths we will place those things we love and do. Some will have flowers of gladsome service toward others, while others will have beginnings of decay in body and mind. As the sun of life reaches the zenith above those whose lives have been consecrated to doing good in the earth, it will see the good acts blossom into fruit. The wielders of service will be able to rest in the shade of the trees of kind-

ness planted by them. But the sun will only bleach and whiten the bones of wasted life for those whose sun really goes down, really down.

There should be no setting sun with us. It should be but the ushering in of a newer and gladder day, one filled with more chances for service, one in which shadows will be fewer and services greater. What shall it be, a setting sun for us? Or shall our setting sun really be our rising and morning sun, when we reach the evening of life? May God help us to follow a rising sun, as we journey through this life, so we can say with the poet, "The morning breaks, the shadows flee." What shall it be, a rising or a setting sun for me?

What shall it be, a rising or a setting sun for me?
What shall I give, a wasted life or one in service free?
Where shall I look, toward the morning or the evening star?
What shall I find, true happiness, or waste and desolation far?

What can I say to those whose morning life begins to open?
What can I do for those whose faith in God and man is broken?
When shall I help those souls whose lives are filled with vain regrets?
Where shall I go for help in salvaging of human wrecks?
Why need have faith in God who ever reigns above?
When shall we give, if giving indicates our love?
Live but to die, to die when life has long endured?
A heaven of rest, or to that place by sin and desolation lured?
For me, for me,
A rising sun I seek to find,
And thus to make my spirit free.

Ephraim, Utah

David H. Cannon

PRESIDENT OF THE ST. GEORGE TEMPLE

Born Liverpool, England, April 23, 1838; Died December 24, 1924, St. Geroge, Utah

He said goodby without a fear;
He knew his friends and kindred dear
Were waiting on the Other Side,
For him the gates stood open wide!

Full rich in sheaves, and crowned with years,
And oh, the joy and heart-felt cheers
To greet in pure affection dear
The friends for whom he labored here!

How bright his fair celestial dawn!
(From shadows of the earth withdrawn)
Poised, active to his latest breath,
Serene and glorious in his death!

MINNIE IVERSON HODAPP

The Joy of Living

By Stanley R. Brain

Life is glorious, and how grateful we should be to our Creator for it. Who has not experienced occasions of pure joy, just for being alive? A great step is taken toward happiness by taking such an attitude toward life. How unhappy is the condition of those poor, warped souls who look upon life as a burden, and as something of little value, and, consequently, are continually miserable.

Latter-day Saints, especially, should cultivate the attitude of hope and joy towards life more than most other people, on account of our revealed knowledge relating to the purposes of life here in the present and the continuance of it in the future. To millions of human beings such a knowledge has not been imparted, but, nevertheless, the vast majority of them find joy in living; so, how much more should not we be able to preserve a feeling of joy in regard to our lives!

"Man is that he might have joy" we are told in the scriptures, and it is up to us to find all the joy we can during our lives. Not the passing pleasures of a trivial nature, but the substantial pleasure and satisfaction that come from upright living and giving of service to God and our fellow men. Not the pleasure that some think they get in following the path of evil but the joy that is possible by following the path of good. The question is asked by some people, "What difference does it make what a man believes as far as the doctrines of different churches are concerned?" To this can be said that it makes a vast difference, because of the attitude toward life taken according to the belief of the individual. To the believer in some religious doctrines, the world is a place of evil and suffering and life in it is just a matter of looking forward to death which will give a relief from it; while to the Latter-day Saint, life is a beautiful and glorious thing, and the world exists to give us pleasure, experience, and the opportunity of doing good and acquiring knowledge.

By preserving such an attitude of joy toward life and all that God has surrounded us with here on this earth, we may go far along the way of fulfiling the measure and purpose of our creation, and be a source of happiness to all with whom we associate, and thus make both ourselves and the world better by our having lived in it.

Brooklyn Conference, New York.

Your greatest benefactor is the man who kindles in your heart the deepest love for the good, the true, and the beautiful. —*Nephi Jensen.*

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

"Let them go two by two, and thus let them preach by the way in every congregation."

In Southern Sachsen, Germany

Elder Willis A. Dial of Buchholz, Sachsen, Germany, gives the following report of the missionary conditions in that section of country: "Buchholz is the largest branch in that region and numbers 219 members. During the past ten months, 27 converts have been baptized, and the elders

Top: Turning the sod in the good old way.
Bottom: Hauling fertilizer: two oxen hitched to the wagon, one in lead. Common street scene in Erzgebirge.

are now holding meetings in two of the neighboring towns, in this way coming in contact with from 85 to 100 friends every week. At the branch conference, November 2, the music was furnished by the children's choir of 36 members, and the regular choir of 41 voices. Despite bad weather, 120 members and 75 friends attended the Sunday School; and 143 members and 69 friends, the evening meeting. Two hundred tracts were distributed and 21 books sold. Many of our people can testify that heavenly peace and contentment bless those who strive to serve the Lord. Buchholz is nestled

among the hills of Erzgebirge (ore mountains) in southern Sachsen. We have a humble, God-fearing people, and although strongly bound by the traditions and religion of their fathers, still there is a steady advancement in the spread of the gospel of Christ among them. Many of their ways call us back to the early days of New York and to the valleys of the Ozarks, as we see this thrifty, hard-working country people going about their labors. They plow their lands with slow-moving oxen, scatter seed by hand, cut hay and grain with a scythe, raking and binding each by hand methods. The flailing and winnowing of the grain go on as in days of long ago. The little cities smuggled up in narrow valleys are connected with the outside world by narrow-guage railway trains. Although manufacturing supplies work for most of the inhabitants of the towns, the factories are usually small and the workers are not poisoned by the destructive spirit of communism so prevalent in Saxony. A large part of the world's toys come from Germany, and this region is one of the main producers. Beadwork, trimmings, tassels, laces and curtains, are among articles manufactured here. Wood carving and poorly-paid home work furnish employment for those who do not work in the factories."

Elders, standing, left to right: Alfred Schulz, Berlin, Sunday School superintendent; Willis A. Dial, Shelley, Idaho, branch president; Rulon S. Pendelton, Parowan, branch president of Chemnitz; Adrian S. Pugmire, Salt Lake City. Sitting: Mission President Fred Tadje, Conference President W. E. Riter, Logan, Utah.

More Missionaries Wanted

Bryan L. Petersen, of Aarhus, Denmark, reports November 12, 1924, a conference held there on the 18th to 21st of October. "The conference was a great success. The house was filled to overflowing and many heard the word of the Lord and the testimony of the restored gospel. A great deal of credit for the excellent meeting is due the choir for their fine rendition of the hymns of Zion. There was a feeling of love and united effort among the elders. We learned to know our mission president better and to

love and admire him as an advisor and co-laborer. This mission needs more missionaries and we send through the pages of the *Era* a friendly call for help. Although few baptisms have taken place in the past year, the outlook for the future is bright and encouraging."

Elders, left to right, standing: Wallace P. Winkler, Bryan L. Petersen, Salt Lake City; Leonel L. Rasmussen, Midvale; Orson W. Jensen, Union; Walter M. Nielsen, Logan; Trueman O. Nielsen, Brigham City. Sitting: Waldemar L. Jensen, President John S. Hansen, Julius Bruun, conference president; Peter Petersen, Salt Lake City; Amos B. C. Jensen, Yost.

A Mysterious, but Helpful, Stranger

Leon A. Robins, Hobart, Tasmania, writes under date of October 31, 1924:

In the hope that it may help the reader to realize that God is ever watchful of his children, and that it will give them a greater desire to forge ahead in the cause of truth, I relate this incident which happened here a few weeks ago. If anyone who reads this feels that it does not amount to much, and that it was only imagined by those who were there, I beg him to stop and consider the effect this would have on his life if he were placed in similar circumstances. Remember the words of Paul, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today and forever," and ask yourself this question, Which is the greater danger, to be lashed behind the prison walls, as was Paul, or to be overcome with fear which would keep you from performing your duty and from learning what will lead you to eternal life, and from which of the two would be the greater deliverance?

In the Huon valley of Tasmania the wilderness of the natural growth mingles with the orchards and cleared land of civilization. As you pass along the narrow, winding road you see here a clear patch and there again the brush fringes the road. The valley is narrow and full of gullies covered with brush and trees which are remnants of the past forest. Winding down the center runs the Huon river.

In this places lives several families of good Latter-day Saints. These, the elders visit fortnightly and hold Sunday School and meetings with them.

In one of these families all of the children of age are members, but the father and mother have not become members, although they have been very good friends for years.

As the elders started out, for some unknown reason they became frightened. The night was dark and as they approached the more lonely part of the road they were about to give way to fear when a person appeared in front of them, walking naturally before them part of the time, then at the side. Immediately on his appearance all fear left them, and they walked on in peace. When asked why they didn't speak to him, they answered that they seemed to feel as if they shouldn't. So they walked on quietly till they reached the main road. There they met one of the Saints and as they did so the personage left them.

The house of the family with which this story deals is located on the side of one of the many gullies about three quarters of a mile back from the main road on one of those lonely, winding roads. It is the habit of these people to traverse this road at any time, and being used to it, had very little fear, if any, day or night. On the occasion of one of the elders visiting the village to hold meetings, this remarkable event occurred. After Sunday School this family divided, only part of them returning home. So when night came and they were desirous of attending the cottage meeting to be held some two miles distant, two of the small girls started down the road, parts of which passed through places which are very rugged and lonely.

On their return the smallest of the two that left together was with another of her sisters. As they started up the road again this same personage appeared again and escorted them to their home.

This event has left a deep impression on the family and all the people here who have heard it related. And it stands as a testimony of the watchfulness of our heavenly Father over our actions, and should help us to trust in him.

Increase the More Opposed

Elder Cyril W. Whittle, Springfield, Massachusetts: "The restored gospel is gaining ascendency in the minds of a number of seekers after truth.

Elders, left to right: Cyril M. Whittle, Preston, Idaho; Weldon S. Coleman, Smithfield, Utah; S. Linton Claridge, Safford, Arizona; Merrill J. Eldredge, Woods Cross, Utah.

Opportunities to teach the gospel have been multiplied in consequence of a series of opposition lectures recently delivered in the city by Mrs. Lulu Loveland Shepherd. She has entertained her responsive listeners by relating cunning lies about the 'Mormons.' Her appearance, however, caused the missionaries no uneasiness, for the effects which have thus far followed have done greater good than evil. Through her misdirected efforts she has done considerable for the advancement of our cause. So we witness again the fulfilment of Moroni's words to the Prophet Joseph: 'Those who are not built upon the rock will seek to overthrow this work, but it will increase the more opposed.' "

Fresno, California Has 380 at Conference

Arnold L. Jensen, Fresno, California, reports a conference held on November 29 to December 1. A spiritual feast was enjoyed at a Priesthood meeting on Saturday morning. Aside from the testimonies and experiences, President Joseph W. McMurrin gave some excellent instructions on the duties of missionaries and the importance of the Priesthood which they hold. The Relief Society served luncheon at 2 o'clock, and the afternoon Saturday meeting was devoted to the Relief Societies, Primary and M. I. A. At the evening meeting, under the direction of Superintendent Jeppson and Sister

Left to right, top row: Arnold L. Jensen, T. W. Duke, L. H. Baker, Merlin J. Larsen, Wm. R. Scott, Leland Clinton Burnham, Jos. G. Jeppson, pres. of Y. M. M. I. A. and supt. of Sunday schools; Neil L. Sagers, L. Russ Burns: Front row: A. H. Tavoian, Nishon K. Sherinian, George Frodsham, pres. Fresno conference; Jos. W. McMurrin, mission president, Margaret K. Miller, pres. of Relief Society; Elsie Hogan, pres. of Primaries and Y. L. M. I. A.; Geo. Z. Aposhian. Fresno, California.

Hogan, the Fresno and Bakersfield M. I. A. were given a showing. Excellent instructions were given in regard to avoiding evil, through wholesome recreation. On Sunday morning the general session of conference was held at which reports were given and testimonies presented. Following the services, an appreciated and much enjoyed banquet was served to all present by the sisters of the branch. At the 2 o'clock meeting on Sunday, President McMurrin spoke and gave a powerful sermon on the law of tithing, and at

the evening meeting choice musical numbers were furnished by members of the branches, and all the missionaries spoke. During the conference 380 people attended; many investigators were present at all the sessions. On Monday evening, "Temples and Temple Building," an illustrated lecture, was delivered by Superintendent Jos. G. Jeppson, enjoyed by a large number of Saints and investigators. Following the meeting a missionary social was held at which a special program including choice musical numbers was presented. Recreational stunts followed, which were enjoyed by all.

Twenty-two Baptisms

The work of the Lord in the East Pennsylvania conference is steadily making progress. Since June 1, 1924, we have baptized some twenty-two candidates. This shows a considerable increase over previous years; and gives us the consolation that our missionary activities are not wholly in vain, even though we do meet discouragements in our labors. In taking into consideration the lack of religious inclination, especially among the people of the east, we can realize why our work doesn't make more rapid progress. We have a very promising branch in Philadelphia, which is the the headquarters of the conference. Conference was held in Philadelphia last June with an attendance of one hundred and forty. Conference was held at the Scranton branch, during November 8-9, with an attendance of about seventy-five.—*G. H. Holt.*

MISSIONARIES EAST PENNSYLVANIA CONFERENCE

Left to right, top row: George E. Ellis, Bountiful, Hugo B. Ensign, Logan; Alvin R. Dyer, Salt Lake City; Ernest Hulet, Snowflake, Arizona; Clifford G. Edmunds, Salt Lake City; Andrew Spencer, Esclante; Ben. R. Thomas, Pocatello, Idaho; Leo S. Holbrook, Bountiful; LeRoy G. Maughan, Wellsville; Second row, sitting: Erma Lundeberg, Gunnison; George H. Holt, conference president, Clearfield, Utah; B. H. Roberts, mission president; Sister Roberts; Jessie Alleman, Springville, Utah; Front row: Rulon Hepworth, Grover, Wyoming; Maude Lemmon, Hurricane, Utah; Rhoda Poulson, Provo.

Wales Heard From

L. D. S. Meeting House in the Welsh Mountains, Prest. Croft in the doorway.

Elder John W. Crofts, former conference president of Wales and now released, with Elder Louis F. Hanson succeeding as president of the Welsh conference, writes the *Era* under date of December 2 calling attention to the fact that a number of Saints in Zion have expressed surprise that so little mention has been made of late years regarding the activity and achievement of the missionaries laboring in Wales. Hence, he submits a few facts which should be of interest to those who are inclined to wonder "What's going on in Wales now?" He says:

"On taking over the presidency of the Welsh conference in September, 1923, conditions were extremely discouraging. There were no halls in the conference in which to worship, and consequently, no new investigators could be invited to attend meeting. This condition was due to the high feelings against the Church in Wales at that particular time. By diligent and systematic effort, on the part of the missionaries, however, tract-

Missionaries back row, left to right: A. C. Reynolds, Manti; Jesse N. Decker, Snowflake, Arizona; Sterling C. Rigby, Newton, Utah; G. B. Affleck, Salt Lake City. Front row: Ralph C. Jones, retiring conference clerk, Newton; John W Crofts, conference president, Salt Lake City; Melvin W. Grant, incoming conference clerk, American Fork, Utah.

ing and visiting was vigorously pushed which resulted in allaying much prejudice, so that we have been able to obtain places of worship. Today we have three well appointed meeting houses with every prospect of further progression. Other branches will soon be a reality. At our semi-annual conference November 30, President James E. Talmage was in attendance, and the conference was pronounced one of the largest and most enthusiastic gatherings assembled in Wales in years. We have no hesitancy in stating that the prospects for further progress in Wales were never brighter."

Honoring Authority—The Spirit of Thanksgiving

Elder Herbert E. Midgley, writing from San Diego, California, reports the semi-annual conference at San Diego, November 21-23. President Joseph W. McMurrin and a number of mission officers were present, besides a large number of Saints and investigators. The spirit of thanksgiving was remembered by President Midgley who gave a talk on that subject, and a report of the missionary work done in the conference during the past five

Missionaries top: Harvey M. Burnett, Ellis M. Orme, Axil Spackman. Center: Mrs. and President Hazen M. Spackman, Herbert E. Midgley, outgoing president. Bottom row: Jennie M. Taylor, Arthur G. Willie, Dorus K. Warner.

months. "Honoring Authority" was the theme of President McMurrin. The missionaries all bore telling testimonies. The Relief Society and M. I. A. held a session on the 22nd in which the officers received inspiring information and instruction concerning their work. The M Men were admonished to organize thoroughly and compete in the contest of public speaking conducted by the M. I. A. throughout the mission. The Relief Society treated the visiting officers to a banquet. On Sunday three general well attended sessions were held. The music was furnished by the San Diego choir and a number of the missionaries. In the evening the chapel was filled to capacity, and a good spirit prevailed. Altogether, the conference was an inspiration to the elders who will go out renewed in spirit to continue their work. The missionaries were all assigned to their fields of labor, and Ellis M. Orme and Doris K. Warner were appointed to labor in the Imperial Valley during the winter.

Missionaries in Good Health, and Diligent

A successful missionary conference was held in San Bernadino on November 15 and 16. Members, friends, and investigators from three organized branches were in attendance, who expressed themselves as well pleased with the spiritual feast they received. President McMurrin delivered several very inspiring talks and testimonies concerning the power of the Lord and his watchful care over the people, which made a strong impression upon investigators in attendance. Superintendent Joseph G. Jeppson and Sister Elsie Hogan presented the temple lectures with slides, which also made a strong impression upon the people, and we believe, caused them to think more seriously of the future and of the divinity of the great latter-day work in which we are engaged. The missionaries are enjoying the blessings of good health and are diligent in their efforts in delivering the message of salvation to all who listen.—*William W. Toombs,* conference president, San Bernardino, California.

Missionaries, left to right, top row: Agnes A. West, San Francisco conference, released; R. A. Snow, E. R. Clayton, president of Long Beach conference; J. P. Coombs, W. J. Cook, Joseph G. Jeppson, president of mission Sunday Schools and M. I. A.; L. J. Huskinson. Second row: Hazen M. Spackman, president of Los Angeles conference; Ruth Lewis, Lillian Jensen, Florence A. West, Ethel Burrows, mission corresponding secretary; F. M. Peck. First row: Violet Jensen, Elsie Hogan, president of mission Primaries and Y. L. M. I. A.; Joseph W. McMurrin, president California mission; William W. Toombs, conference president; Hester Carter; T. V. Rollins, released.

Happy in Switzerland

We feel very optimistic in the work that we have to do. Our outlook of progress is indeed gratifying. Meetings are well attended and we have many sincere friends. An old saying here is, "The Berners have hard heads, but once something dawns upon them, it is twice as hard for that something to get back out of this hard head." Those who come and continue to come to our meetings, although few in number, in time become convinced of the truth and nothing can make them think otherwise, though there are exceptions, even as such exceptions are found everywhere. We have just introduced the Mutual Improvement work in the various branches here and are putting great interest into it at the present time, realizing its value and importance. The young people are quite elated over it and are helping us in every way to derive from this work the results for which President Young organized it, namely, to "instill into the hearts of the youth of Zion a strong testimony of the divinity of this restored gospel." Prospects for us in this line are good, for which we are happy and thankful to our Father in heaven. Our Sunday schools also are very encouraging. For the four Sundays in November of last year in the Bern branch, the total number present was 633. This year for the same month in November our attendance is 762, a considerable increase for a branch in Switzerland. Other branches of the mission are also encouraging in the matter of increased attendance. Baptisms occur regularly, though the number baptized is not very large each time.

Missionaries, left to right, standing: John S. Kunz, president Biel branch, Bern; Henry Dubach, Wayan, Idaho; Willard O. Sandberg, Huntington; Hugh Ford, Centerville; Walter Bentler, president Langnan branch, North Logan; Henry Blaser, president Solothurn branch, Salt Lake City; sitting: Clyde F. Davies, president Interlaken branch, Salt Lake City; J. Henry Fluckiger, president Burgdorf branch, Bedford, Wyoming; Horton C. Miller, conference president; Farmington; Paul K. Edmunds, president Bern branch, Salt Lake City; D. Glenn Robinson, Farmington, Utah.

Since the above picture was taken, we have received Harold Merrill of Logan, and Alfred Naegelin, Salt Lake City.—Missionaries of Bern conference, per *Paul K. Edmunds.*

New System of Country Summer Work

Elder J. C. Christensen writing from Galesburg, Illinois, reports profitable labors during the past summer. "A new system of country work was introduced by the missionaries through the efforts of President John H. Taylor, and instead of spending long hours in remote districts where but little could be accomplished, small towns and villages were tracted and retracted and many street and cottage meetings were held. A complete record of the work was kept which will enable the missionaries to follow up the work in coming years, so that the most may be got out of their labors. Sisters Jenkins and King ably attended the work in the Peoria branch, while the elders were engaged in country work; 930 Books of Mormon were distributed, besides 1,206 other books, 69,501 pamphlets and tracts.—*J. C. Christensen,* Galesburg, Illinois."

Missionaries, left to right, front row: Charles L. Olson, Oakland, Calif.; Myra Jenkins, Freedom, Wyoming; J. Cortez Christensen, conference president, Shelley, Idaho; Mina King, Bear River City; William L. Howell, Garland, Utah. Back row: J. Elmer Knight, Burley, Idaho; Jesse E. Cameron, Panguitch; David P. Sugden, Salt Lake City; Derrold B. Clifford, Antelope, Idaho; James R. Atkinson, Woods Cross; Francis L. Spillman, Logan, Utah.

Wonderful Progress in San Francisco

Frank M. Edman, conference president of the San Francisco conference, reports a semi-annual conference held December 5, 6 and 7, in San Francisco, amid a down-pour of rain lasting throughout the entire period. Notwithstanding, the Saints filled to overflowing the L. D. S. chapel at 1649 Hayes Street during the Sunday sessions. One thousand two hundred people attended on Sunday, many investigators among them. Many Books of Mormon, standard works and other books were sold after the sessions, as a result of the splendid spirit aroused by those who addressed the meetings. Wonderful development has marked the year 1924 in San Francisco. Four new Sunday schools have been organized, two in Oakland, one in San Francisco, one in Sunnyvale. A new chapel was begun in May of this year

at San Jose and will soon be ready for dedication. A monument to the integrity and industry of the San Jose branch who are doing most of the work themselves. Several write-ups have appeared already in the newspapers. Ninety-seven baptisms have been performed since the first of the year, 36 children and 60 adults. Plans have been drawn for the erection of an amusement hall in San Francisco. Lack of funds, however, has prevented the realization of its building. Through the efforts of the "M" Men, a beginning was made that we feel will obtain results, and we hope the time is not far distant when the young people of the San Francisco branch will have a pleasant year and can meet for recreation with the proper environment and where our socials may be conducted in the good Latter-day Saint way. On Thursday the Relief Society conference was held, on Friday morning a missionary and Priesthood meeting was held and a banquet was given by the Relief Society to the San Francisco branch and to the missionaries and all the visitors, the Christmas scheme being carried out in the decorations and place cards. A Primary session was held during the conference and the M. I. A. work was not forgotten, but is in a state of advancement. The religious meetings on Sunday, December 7, witnessed some wonderful, inspirational discourses. The illustrated lecture on temples and temple work was given four times at the conference. A social was held Monday night and was a big success, many investigators appearing to see how the "Mormons" conducted their socials. The Mutual part of the program during conference demands a special mention, being far above the average, and the two choirs together with their able directors, are to be congratulaed upon their splendid singing service.—*Frank M. Edman*, conference president.

Missionaries and visitors, left to right, top row: Paul A. Dahl, Irene Willis, Ona V. Walker, Niel L. Sagers, Fresno; Harmon E. Day; LaPrele Owen, released; J. Lyman Fawson, Valko L. Hickman, W. Loyal Hall, Verna Lindquist, released; Kenneth A. Nielson, D. V. Farnsworth, J. Claude Surrage, Lois Baker, George E. Miller, Lucille Nelson, James D. Petersen. Front row: Belva Jones, Sacramento; Margarete Caldwell, Joseph G. Jeppson, superintendent Sunday schools and Y. M. M. I. A.; Elsie Hogan, president Primaries and Y. L. M. I. A.; Frank M. Edman, conference president; Joseph W. McMurrin, mission president; Margaret K. Miller, president Relief Societies; Frank Brown, president Los Angeles conference; Gerda Hendricksen, Phoebe McConnell.

GOVERNOR GEORGE H. DERN

Elected Governor of the State of Utah, November 4, 1924, on the Democratic ticket, was inducted into office, January 5, 1925, the oath of office being administered by Chief Justice Valentine Gideon. Governor Dern was born September 8, 1872, on his father's farm, in Dodge county, Nebraska; he came to Utah in 1894, and has been prominent ever since in business and mining, was elected State Senator from Salt Lake county in 1914, and has practically served ever since. He is the author of the Workmen's Compensation Act, The Corrupt Practice Act, Absent Voters' Law, State Mineral Land Leasing Law, and many other progressive measures.

ON THE WEST COAST

A Trip to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Yosemite and Lake Tahoe

By O. D. Romney

The day was perfect, after a recent rain, and as we bade adieu to friends at the station and got aboard the train, we soon lost sight of them and tried to enter into the real enjoyment of the trip. We had never before traveled on the Western Pacific, as many times as we have visited California. We soon detoured from the main line. The mighty waves of the Great Salt Lake had washed out five miles or more of their road, on the south shore of the Lake. Every country has its barren waste or desert. Fortunately the night shaded this part of the road, so we saw but little of it, and our night's rest was disturbed but little with the dust and heat of the desert.

Through the Feather River canyon, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, is a most interesting ride. The high mountains on either side, covered with stately pines and the clear stream below brought a gentle breeze into our train which we so much enjoyed while listening to one of the officers on the train telling his story of the 46 tunnels we pass through from Salt Lake to San Francisco and of the gold diggers' hardships in 1849, but afterwards made rich with the $120,000,000 of gold taken out of the hills where we were then traveling. The little town of Rich was pointed out to us, which at that time was the largest in the state of California, a population of 2,000 and only eighteen surviving souls being there today. The stone marker was plainly seen by the roadside where the mother lay who gave birth to the first child born in California. The largest power plant west of the Mississippi river, we saw. It furnished light for the great city of San Francisco, over two hundred miles away. In less than one hour we descended 4,840 feet into the beautiful Sacramento Valley; from then on, the ride is always interesting, for the golden grain was ripe, and the cows by the thousands were lying lazily in the meadows and formed a picture we shall long remember.

Our day's travel was ended after crossing the Bay, on a new boat to us, whose speed was far greater than any of the rest. A taxi from the Ferry to the hotel is less than a ten minutes' ride. The two days spent in San Francisco were especially interesting. At least it proved so to us, for we had Uncle John and Aunt Susan to enjoy the pleasure of sight seeing and, remembering, as we all did, the city lying low in ashes and buildings crumbled to the earth by an earthquake which visited that city less than twenty years ago. Now it is a city of new buildings, and the fear of earthquake has long since vanished, so higher and more beautiful buildings than ever are erected, and it is considered the strongest commercial city of the West.

An interesting sight to everybody is the sailing of a great vessel. We witnessed this from the *Matsonia* wharf. The usual paper ribbons of every color were held by passengers on board, and friends on the wharf below, and during sweet strains of music, they were torn asunder. Uncle John expressed it as a very touching scene, yet a most beautiful one, for a greater variety of beautiful dresses and a richer profusion of flowers could hardly be seen anywhere. We also visited the Golden Gate Park and marveled, for new buildings had been erected and the grounds were no less attractive than ever before. Seal lions out on the Clift rocks have almost lost their charm, since they have a family of them in a plunge close to the Aquarium. The disgruntled father plays with the little ones and often sends them off the rocks with the mother, and we imagine he dares them ot come up again. The Aquarium is unsurpassed. No greater variety and no more beautiful fish of every color can be seen anywhere. From the inception of the pollywog, to the full grown fish, you may study and wonder how it is possible to even care for the snakes as we saw them crawl in the grass and over the rock in the picturesque lake where swan and ducks swam.

The Arts and Science building adjoining, we next visited, and O how amazed we were to see the work of the artist so perfectly done that we could hardly discern where the canvas upon which he had painted nearly every wild animal and bird of the forest, connected with the work below, where stood, beautifully arranged the deer, the lion, the bear, and birds of every color, forming pictures so real that we shall always remember them. Our ride out to the Clift House, and a walk of a mile or more along the shore with popcorn to eat, we did enjoy; and afterward, a rest at the hotel seemed so fitting after a real day of sightseeing.

The evening train of June 12, we took for Los Angeles. It only meant a pleasant sleep of a few hours before we were there, and our rooms at the Clark we found quite satisfactory. A day at the Catalina Islands we enjoyed, for we had never been there before. Of course, we had formed some idea of what we might see, for the story had been told us many times that we were missing much in not going. So Monday, June 15, Aunt Pearl, Uncle John and Aunt Susan accompanied us. An hour's ride by train and two hours' sailing over a smooth sea brought us to the shore of the world-famous Catalina Islands. After our inner-man was satisfied with a good meal, we got aboard a glass bottom boat and looked into the bottom of the sea at least a distance of thirty feet and, among the seaweed and rich golden foliage, we saw fish of various colors swimming lazily about. Soon a native dived into the water below, and as gracefully as the fish, he floated with eyes wide open. He soon came back to us to sell his souvenirs. Altogether, it was a pleasing sight. We afterwards moved about the little town of Avalon to see their hundreds of pretty little summer homes. The "Blue Bird" and "Ana Laurie"

we thought so pretty and inviting with their flowers and rich lawns.

The day was gone, and we were back before we knew it, getting the rest we so much needed to prepare us for our trip to Yosemite. We did not go, however, before we had visited the famous Ambassador hotel and enjoyed one of their choice luncheons. Just as the sun was fading in the west we started on a walk of many blocks, admiring the homes of the millionaires, and O how beautiful!

Ocean Park has no charms for us, yet it would not do to pass it by, so a ride out there we took, and even that was dry and uninviting. Everything was scorched and dry, through the long absence of rain; even the flowers were hidden with dust. On the morning of June 17, we awoke at Merced, had breakfast and in the last Pierce Arrow of the big party going to Yosemite, we four and a speechless young guy took seats in the car and were soon speeding on our way. We thought the fellow at the wheel a real chauffeur, but a guy indeed, for he, too, had nothing to say. No doubt he thought the same of us, for as we jumped from the car that night we couldn't feel to give him a tip, for he hadn't earned it.

Before entering into the beauties of the forest, let me say we increased our tips double to our driver the following day, for he was full of information and gave it freely so that the heat of the sun and the dust of the forest we almost forgot. Now to the task of describing some of the things we saw, after riding nearly a hundred miles and then entering the Oldest National Park of this great country! Our driver told us the roads were never surveyed, but followed the trail which Clark, the discoverer, had made. Whether surveyed or no, they are wonderful pieces of engineering. More turns and curves to the hundred yards, and a more continuous high climb than we had ever made! Remember when we started on this drive we were little above the level of the sea, and reached as high as 9,000 feet, and here we saw the largest and the oldest forest trees of the world. Grizzly Giant, as it is known, is the largest single tree. One hundred feet in circumference and over two hundred feet high. Its lowest limb is ninety feet from the ground and measures nine feet in diameter and is reported to be the oldest living thing on earth. Some say six thousand years. It is protected in its old age with a wire fence. It's remarkable, when you think that if you peel a few inches of bark around a tree it will die. Yet Telescope Tree, a famous one of the Park, has its heart burned out and still it lives, but retains its bark which is the sap of its life.

In the cool of the morning, Yosemite Transportation Automobile is the only way to travel, for the drivers are required inspection by the Government for health and skill. Therefore, a feeling of safety never leaves you, although many dangerous points you turn every hour. Luncheon we took at a beautiful tavern facing the little valley, looking like our meadows at home; but the scene is changed as we

look upward at the towering pinetrees giving restful shade to the weary traveler.

At schedule time we leave, and continue on through the Mariposa Grove of big trees, some of which just described, but of the many other wonderful things to relate space will not permit more to be said regarding their grandeur and unsurpassed beauty and majesty, as they tower into the sky above. Never before did we travel so far and look heavenward, and maybe you can imagine how high we had reached, when we tell you that the attendant said, as we stepped out of our car at Glacier Hotel, and asked if our wraps, etc., would be all right to leave in the car, "Yes, we are too near heaven for any thieves to be here." No country in the world has more beautiful hotels, and here on Glacier point as pretty as any, and our only regret was we could not stay longer than to rest for nearly an hour. We had already visited Artist and Inspiration Point and now the most famous spot of the world, Glacier Point, where passengers enjoy the view and take pictures. As you stand 3,200 feet on the edge of the Cliff of solid rock and look at Yosemite Valley below, you become dizzy, and the story is told that some have to be carried back, they lose the use of their limbs through fear. No air plane will ever give a more beautiful picture than we saw as we looked into the distance below and saw automobiles running about as mere specks, and the roof of dwellings appeared not larger than your hat.

After we saw Fire Rock to the left, and El Capitan, rising a sheer precipice to the height of 7,360 feet, Clouds Rest, in the distance; Half Dome; Sentinel Dome, just a mile from Glacier Point and around the Cliff; Three Graces, and Bridal Veil Falls, we then started on our descent, a distance of twenty-six miles on a winding road through the beautiful pines, taking two hours to reach the picturesque floor of Yosemite Valley and could see the place where we stood two hours before, imagining we were in an airplane. Our tents 45 and 47 were soon pointed out to us, directly at the foot of Glacier Point, which we could see better lying down than standing up, for that mountain of solid rock stood perfectly erect above us.

Now let me say, lest I forget, that the fire-fall, promptly at nine o'clock every evening, is something that can hardly be described; and, would you believe that one calling, from below, the signal to commence is heard one mile above and that, as a sweet soloist sings some beautiful song, balls of fire descend from the Cliff above bursting into increased brilliancy as they strike the ledges below!

Our stay of one day, as we intended, at Camp Curry in Yosemite Valley, we soon decided should be at least three days, so arrangements were made for an extended visit.

Our tents were among the best, and, we thought, better located than many of the several hundred scattered as they were from one end to the other of the green, level valley eleven miles in length and a mile or two wide with the beautiful Merced river running through it. Is

it a wonder that we were so anxious to stay longer, when fifteen hundred people are fed at a single meal, and the very best of food provided, and sports of every kind furnished?

Out of the roof of the spacious dining room, beautiful pine trees are seen hundreds of feet high, and our table was often at the base of one of these trees. How can I describe the grounds better than to say they are like walking on a heavy velvet carpet with the dry foliage fallen from the trees above and when sprinkled, as they are every morning, it becomes easy and comfortable to the feet. The thousand chairs scattered about during the day form an amazing sight, with guests dressed in every color of summer attire, reading and gossiping to their hearts' content. And some only with a bathing suit on, for the great plunge in the center of the grounds is daily enjoyed by men, women and children. Before the shades of evening come, these wicker-chairs are arranged for the concert which is equal to any you may hear in any great city, and is free to all the guests. The campfire is a beautiful sight and much enjoyed during the entertainment, and no less interesting are the lectures given regarding the wonders of the Park, and the movies, of course, are always enjoyed, especially by Mama, Uncle John and Aunt Susan.

Three days' rest we took at Camp Curry, where 1,500 people are cared for in tents, furnished with every comfort to make camping-life pleasant and most enjoyable. The life of the Camp starts every day with the rising sun peeping over the unsurmountable cliffs of solid granite and bringing a feeling of admiration into every soul for the handiwork of God which surrounds one on every side. During the heat of the day, the giant pine trees furnish shade for the merry pleasure-seekers, and seldom will you see a face without a pleasant smile, and so often a kind word is spoken. Especially did we notice this the morning we left, when the hostess of the famous camp came to the side of each car and shook hands with everybody, hoping to meet them again some day.

So our happy crowd moved on, as others were coming to take our place, and it will be so until the cold winds of October may drive them away. A ride by auto and train for a hundred miles brought us back to Merced, our place of starting on this memorable trip through the National Park of Yosemite, and I am sure our praise for that beautiful place shall often be heard. We have many times enjoyed a ride in a parlor car, but never do I remember a more beautiful one than this, our ride to San Francisco from Merced, and the cool of the day made it so enjoyable and such a change from what we had in going through the Park.

We always enjoy leaving San Francisco in the evening, for there is no better time to see the congested condition of a crowded city, and especially at the Ferry, where boats are loaded and unloaded as if by magic. Your baggage is taken by a "Red Cap" as you reach the Ferry, and a half hour later delivered to you in your sleeper. This

is one time we had to take an upper berth; but, with the assistance of a ladder, the act of climbing up was gracefully done by both Aunt Susan and Mama. So far as I was concerned, I heard no more from then until 6 o'clock the next morning, when we arrived at Truckee. All credit is due, however, to Uncle John and myself that no one rolled out of bed, for we slept on the outside. I thought more than once, however, of the experience a fellow related at breakfast one morning in Camp Curry when he dreamed he had fallen off of Point Glacier 3,000 feet into the valley below. Fortunately it happened that he discovered he had only rolled out of bed.

From Truckee we took the most expensive ride, and on one of the most poorly equipped trains in the world, for they actually did stop before we reached Lake Tahoe, a distance of 16 miles to get up additional steam to pull us up, so steep was the grade. With it all, however, we arrived safely, and had an unusual breakfast—everything one's heart could desire. This made us think Lake Tahoe Tavern a dandy place to stop, and especially so when we saw our rooms connected as they were by a hall, a bath room, and a veranda for our own use overlooking the largest fresh water lake in the world—at least at the high altitude of 6,300 feet. We spent the entire day, June 25, in a ride on this famous lake, whose greatest depth we were told is 1,740 feet. So clear is the water that we could see the bottom at every wharf as we were anchored, and fish in countless numbers, something we had never witnessed before. We were all pleased that we had taken this trip of 76 miles, for in no other way could we estimate the expanse of water covering 200 square miles as does Lake Tahoe—larger than our entire Salt Lake Valley. No fear of a dam breaking out, for it is surrounded by beautiful mountains on the California side, and much appreciated after seeing the almost barren mountains of Nevada on the other side.

When we returned to the Tavern that beautiful evening, just as the sun was setting in the west, and smelled the sweet scented pines, we thought it was surely the work of an artist in locating the Tavern and designing such a group of beautiful buildings where guests can get real rest; and Aunt Susan was reminded, by the picturesque surroundings, of dear old Sweden, and no strong persuasion will she need to bring her back here again. Of all the beautiful places we had been visiting she seemed to like this the best. Even the little chipmunks are so tame that they climb on your lap. A little girl had two on her lap scrapping over the crumbs she was feeding them. As nice as this appeared to some, we avoided having the little things crawl all over us.

Our eighteen days' pleasure trip of fine weather and a visit to places we had never been before, with such sport-like fellows as Uncle John and Aunt Susan, who were equal to the best and drank in the pleasure of every moment, made us feel to say and without exaggeration, it has been one of our very best trips and will linger in our minds as long as any.

CHURCH MUSIC COMMITTEE

Choristers' Manual—Lesson XIII—Hymns and Anthems

By Edward P. Kimball

The most frequently employed agency in our worship next to prayer is the hymn. Like everything else which oft repeated usage is apt to dull the keener appreciation of, our singing of hymns and their choice in the service has to be constantly watched in order that this important part of the service does not become merely lip-worship. Compared to the tremendous wealth of material to be found in the hymns of the Church, there is a woeful lack of acquaintance with any great number of hymns by the people generally, and a paucity in their use. A strong and viril religious people is always one that employs freely the hymn, because if this kind of church music is to be made to approach or ever has approached its ideal possibilities, it must be through the personal education of worshippers to the point where they shall regard it as their own and shall actually use it for themselves.

The choice of a hymn for a service is not an unimportant task, if the service is really to be enriched by its rendition. The Priesthood and the music leaders under its direction have here a rich opportunity to render lasting good to the people. This opportunity will become plain if a few facts about hymns and hymn-singing are established as guides, and if the use of hymns is done with positive intentions of achieving certain results, rather than haphazardly and casually with no positive intention and without knowledge of the important elements functioning in the service aside from worship.

In the first place, what is a hymn? Jeremiah Bascom Reeves offers this definition: "The hymn itself may be defined as a lyrical composition expressive of religious aspiration, petition, confession, communion, or praise; a song devoted to the fellowship of souls and the worship of God. In its broader sense the term includes canticles, psalms, carols, "spirituals," and chants; in its more limited sense it includes only religious lyrics in rime and meter—in a style of very definite and narrow restrictions. The good hymn combines in quite remarkable effect the straightest simplicity, clarity, dignity, and melody, rich ideas about the basic matters of life and death, with strong emotion under sure control.

In another passage in his excellent book, *The Hymn as Literature,* this author continues: "The hymn is a quite definite and distinct type of poetry. Its boundaries as regards both form and content are plainly and narrowly laid down. It is of all types of literature perhaps the most rigorously limited. Merely as a lyric it would of course have narrow limitations; as a religious lyric its limitations are multiplied; but in that it must be the medium of concerted social thought and feeling on the gravest matters, and yet simple enough in form to be sung chorally by an assemblage not assumed to have any special choral practice or skill, it is very much more limited. The hymn must be a lyrical poem, simple of form, easy and smooth of movement; its ideas must be direct, unified, immediately apparent; its manner must have the decorum and gravity befitting public worship."

According to one great American authority, Waldo Selden Pratt, hymn-singing is fitted to serve three general purposes, all of unquestionable importance. To quote him:

"First, it is one of the best methods by which a company of people can offer both praise and prayer to God. It is therefore a means of social worship. Second,

it is a reactive form upon those who engage in it, helping them to define and crystalize their religious thought, stimulating their religious sentiments, and often rousing by suggestion a positive religious ambition. It is therefore a means of spiritual self-culture. Third, it not only draws many persons into a form of united action, so as to declare their actual sympathy and strengthen their sense of real brotherhood, but at the same time there is exerted through it a decided spiritual influence back and forth among those who thus act in concert. It is therefore a means of mutual edification among those who are spiritually minded and often of evangelistic pressure upon others. * * * Hymn singing may surely be called successful when it affords an avenue of true approach to God in earnest and noble worship; when it exerts a wholesome and uplifting reflex influence on those who engage in it, establishing them in the truth and quickening their spirituality; and when it creates an atmosphere of high religious sympathy and vigorous Christian consecration, so that even unbelievers are effected and constrained by it. If it does not accomplish these results in some real sense, it cannot be called successful."

If these standards be applied it will be seen why all hymns are not equally successful, and also why the choosing of them for any part of a service is so important a matter, and should receive more than perfunctory attention from those responsible for the selection.

In examining hymns it is well to remember, in addition to the above suggestions, that the value of any particular hymn is partly to be judged by the state of opinion and sentiment in which its actual use leaves the worshipper. Is it true in the thought of God and Christ, in reference to all the manifold aspects of sin and salvation, and in its representation of spiritual life? And is it healthy in general tone, affecting in its imagery and masterful in its progress, and sufficiently noble to awaken enthusiasm for what it treats? Was it written out of a deep experience of the gospel? Does it fittingly embody some part or aspect of that experience? Is it so wrought out that it is true in your own soul history or true to your ideals? Is the picture it gives of the nature or providence or grace of God, or Christ's offices or person, or of the ministry of the spirit, or of the Church and its activities, joys, and hopes, or of the life that now is, or of the life beyond—is the picture that it gives of any of these, one that commends itself to you as true? Is it presented with sympathy and insight? Does it have majesty and contagious power? And how does it all effect me? Does the attempt to make it my own expression give me a wider vision, quicken into life my dormant sensibility, and rouse within me a higher aspiration? Am I helped to be a larger and better son or daughter of God by it?

The permanent moral influence of hymns has always been recognized by men of experience. Henry Ward Beecher expressed his conviction in these words:

"If one had a hundred hymns in his memory, and if with every changing mood he was accustomed to have to himself some sweet descant of experience, he would not easily be made unhappy, nor would he wander far from the path of rectitude."

Tunes of hymns are good only as they enable hymns to rise to a higher power and a fuller expression, and their possibility in the accomplishment of this depends often on the manner in which they are sung. With tunes as with hymns a leader has the chance to elevate the tone of practical usage and to shape its progress by intelligent and illuminating leadership. While fundamentally, congregational singing depends upon the attitude of mind in the people, it depends immediately an proximately upon the leadership provided, and this subject must have serious consideration if music's mission in the Church in this direction is to be realized. It is impossible to lay down any set rules that will cover the interpretation of every hymn. If the tune is an ally of the poetry in the expression of the message of the hymn, then

every tune will be found to possess inherent and peculiar character which goes far beyond the mere mechanical construction of it as regards meter, rythm, dynamics, etc. Any one who has been really influenced by the singing of hymns knows that each one has a distinctive character that is peculiar to itself, no matter what time it may be written in, or what key, or other ordinary features of its mechanical putting down on paper. It is the leader's business to find that something which has made this song what it is. He should develop a "sense" for the character of every hymn which he leads, and this cannot be done on the spur of the moment. Hymnody is an art—a form of religious art, and beauty and truth are the soul of art, and truth should be the corner-stone of all art rendition. If the truth contained in the poem is discovered, and if the tune is worthy, the hymn will "sing itself."

Counterfit coin, vacant lip-service in prayer, trash and doggerel in the hymnal, and prefunctory leadership in singing, are much alike as tributes of worship. It is our duty and privilege to honor God by bringing to him only what is best. One author asks leaders to read carefully the first chapter of Malachi for the key-note of the subject.

Discussion

What constitutes a good hymn?

State three general purposes served by hymn-singing.

In your experience and that of your friend have you found these contentions to be true?

Wherein lies the permanent moral affect to the individual of hymns?

Test by an examination of a number of hymns the statement made that each hymn has a character of its own.

(To be continued)

Important Ruling M. Men Contests

At a recent meeting of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A., the Committee on Senior Work made the following recommendations which were adopted by the Board in relation to M Men atheltic contests. It is important that the officers and M Men shall note them so that there may be a uniformity in the work.

1. In athletic contests, letter men, that is, high school and college men, are barred from contests in regular M Men athletics. Letter men in this respect means letter men in the particular event for which the individual enters. These letter men may be used as coaches and officials, and where they are in sufficient numbers, they may be organized on a ward, a stake district, or a stake basis for contests.

2. Men now playing on high school or college teams are considered letter men, as they are expected to receive their letters at the conclusion of the season, and should be classed as letter men.

3. Professional men are barred from contests.

4. These rules are made Church-wide, and where stakes and districts have sufficient representation in any events, they are encouraged to contest Church-wide.

5. Where the number participating is sufficient to demand the attention of the General Board, the Board will, in such event, put up a proper pennant as prize.

6. The age for non-letter men (regular M Men) in athletics as in literary and musical events, is 17-23, as interpreted in our *Hand Book.*

Editors' Table

Testimony

The preeminent aim of the Y. M. M. I. A. is to assist the young men to complete living on the foundation of faith in God, in Jesus Christ, and in the great Latter-day work which the Father and Son inaugurated through the prophet Joseph Smith. Brigham Young, who was instrumental in founding our association named this aim, among others, to Junius F. Wells when he was sent out to organize the Y. M. M. I. A:

*"We want you to organize yourselves into associations for mutual improvement. Let the key-note of your work be the establishment in the youth of an individual testimony of the truth and magnitude of the great Latter-day work; the development of the gifts within them that have been bestowed upon them by the laying on of hands of the servants of God. It is our desire * * * that our young men may grow in the comprehension of, and faith in, the holy principles of the gospel of eternal salvation, and * * * have an opportunity to be encouraged in bearing testimony to, and speaking of the truths of our holy religion."* Read I Tim. 4:12-16; II Tim. 1:6.

This was to be the ground work and leading idea of every such association. For fifty years the organization has labored to this end, and has done much in this direction and much to aid the priesthood in all things commendable and worthy. We are still anxious to press on in this line, and practice the principles that lie at the root of our associations. Thousands of the leaders of Israel have found their first opportunity for expression in the Y. M. M. I. A. It would be wonderful and inspiring if in this our Jubilee year, 50,000 young men should be given opportunity and be encouraged to bear their testimonies to the value of the truth of our religion as it has affected their lives. We believe such provision can be made, and that each member can be given such an opportunity to bear his testimony during the year, in the one thousand associations of the Church. What an inspiration for the present and the future growth of testimony in the hearts of the young people this would be!

The General Board have expressed the wish that our membership should obtain testimonies and give expression to them from time to time in the activities and meetings of the associations. Recently Superintendent George Albert Smith, being solicited, submitted to the officers of the Salt Lake Stake, a message of the General Superintendency to the Y. M. M. I. A. in which he urged that every young man should obtain and express a testimony of the divinity of the great Latter-day Work which God has restored through the prophet

Joseph Smith. He then tells what a testimony is and how it can be obtained:

"Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God, and is at the foundation of this Church. It is his Church. Joseph Smith was chosen by the Father and the Son to organize it. The Church is founded upon the gospel of Jesus Christ through which alone salvation can come to men. The gospel is the safe road, the pleasant pathway of physicial and spiritual righteousness. It is the source of happiness in this world and in the world to come. It was restored to earth through the revelations of Jesus Christ, and through a series of several important appearances of heavenly messengers to the great prophet of the latter-days. It has been faithfully led and directed through the revelations of the Lord by every authorized successor of Joseph the Prophet to and including the present leader of the Church and prophet of the Lord.

"When this testimony can be borne from the heart, and exemplified in practice, the person having it has an abiding witness that will bring to him the rich promises of the Lord. It is such a testimony that all the activities of the Y. M. M. I. A. should seek to establish in the youth.

"How can that be done? A cultivation of the power and influence of the Holy Ghost conferred upon every member of the Church will lead in this direction. By prayer and right living, and conformity to gospel teachings, every soul is entitled to and will receive this knowledge and testimony. If we do not succeed in getting it, there is failure in our method."

The reader will note that our aim may be attained in three ways as set forth in our fundamentals:

(1) By making use of every opportunity to learn and to do what the Lord requires of his children, which implies learning and maintaining right relations to God, to his gospel, his laws and commandments, and to Church duties and activities. (2) By making use of every opportunity to live rightly in relation to our fellows, in the home life, and in community, political, vocational and Church life. (3) By making use of every opportunity for self-improvement, which includes a study of the gospel, correct living, industry, and expressional activity. The latter implies bearing testimony which let us up and do.—A.

Prizes for Jubilee Literature

The *Improvement Era* offers the following prizes for literary and musical contributions to be used either in the program of the Jubilee celebration or in the *Improvement Era* numbers for June and July devoted to the fiftieth anniversary celebration of the M. I. A:

For poem of about 50 lines, $25.

For a short story of about 4,000 words, $40.

For an essay of about 3,000 words, $30.

For a hymn of 18 or 24 lines with music, $50. The music and lines need not be by one person, but the prize will be offered for the combination.

For a scout camp song, $20.

For a short play, $35.

Contestants are limited to active or past members of the M. I. A., men or women. The manuscripts must be submitted without names in a separate envelope in which should be a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the author and the title of his manuscript.

All communications must be in the hands of the editors of the *Era*, preferably before and not later than May 1. Judges will be selected by the *Era* staff to decide upon the merits of the literature, and the best in each contest, according to the judgment of the judges, will be awarded the prize. The range of subjects may be as broad as the work of our organization, but in each case, should be consistent with, and relevant to, M. I. A. standards and work. The subject matter of the essay should be of a forward-looking character.

For a new cover design for the *Era* for June and July, appropriate for the fiftieth anniversary celebration, $25 is offered. Contest is open to all.

Going Forward to Conquer

Part II of the "Heritage and Promise," by John Henry Evans, begins in this number of the *Era*. The first division of this serial was printed beginning in the November number of the *Era*, and other parts will continue during the year. These articles are worthy of careful reading by the young people of the Church. The rich heritage and the substantial foundation laid for the young people's prosperity and success in this Church is pointed out. The youth of Zion have a wonderful future full of rich promise before them. The influence of the past and the foundation laid should stimulate them to future great achievements. We are convinced that they will not lie down in restful contentment over the past, but will brace themselves to go forward, conquering and to conquer in all righteous endeavor, determined that the superstructure of the foundation that has been laid shall be built by them strong and beautiful. We have faith that the youth will submit themselves to the discipline required to accomplish this purpose, and so perpetuate the faith and works of those who have passed before. We have a wonderful machinery for the permanent continuation of these characteristics of our fathers and mothers, and we have confidence in the young people and expect them to make the best of their opportunities. The Latter-day Saints are a peculiar people in faith, righteousness and progress, and have always been tenacious to perpetuate these principles in their sons and daughters. Let us resolve not to disappoint them.—A.

Priesthood Quorums

Program

Priesthood Conventions, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Comprising Presidents of Stakes and their Counselors, Bishops and their Counselors, and the Presidencies, Class Teachers and Members of all Priesthood Quorums. Held in Connection with the Regular Quarterly Conferences During the First Quarter of 1925. Issued by the Council of the Twelve.

OFFICIAL NOTICE OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY CALLING PRIESTHOOD CONVENTIONS

Salt Lake City, Utah,
December 13, 1924.

We desire that Priesthood Quorums and Priesthood activities shall receive especial attention during the stake quarterly conference, to be held in the first quarter of 1925. We recommend, therefore, that the presidencies of stakes set aside the first day of the quarterly conferences, also the morning of the second day, for the consideration of work pertaining to the Melchizedek and the Aaronic Priesthoods; and in the case of stakes holding a one-day conference only, that arrangements be made to carry out the Priesthood convention program in special meetings appointed for that purpose, if necessary, before or after the conference day.

Where deemed advisable, arrangements may be made for separate meetings for the sisters to be held while the priesthood convention meetings are in session.

The program of procedure for the priesthood conventions has been prepared by the Council of the Twelve, with our full concurrence.

HEBER J. GRANT,
CHARLES W. PENROSE,
ANTHONY W. IVINS,
First Presidency, Church of Jesus Chirst of Latter-day Saints.

Instructions

It is the especial duty of every stake and ward officer concerned to be in attendance at the meeting appointed for Saturday forenoon; and all such officers are expected to attend the general meetings and the quorum sessions to which they belong, or to which they may be appointed by the stake president throughout the convention.

The president of the stake is to preside in all general meetings, under the direction of the visiting member of the General Authorities, and is in charge of the arrangements for meeting places of the quorums, for appointments of presiding officers in the quorum sessions, and for the carrying out of the convention program in all particulars. He is requested to have a competent chorister or director of music in charge at each of the general meetings.

Persons appointed to take part in the programs should be notified in ample time to enable them to adequately prepare for the work assigned.

Suggestions

It is suggested that stakes holding one-day conferences may arrange the Saturday schedule of meetings provided for the priesthood convention as follows:

Saturday 6:30 to 8 p. m.—Meeting of visiting member of general authorities with president of the stake and his counselors, high council, including alternate members, stake clerk, patriarchs, ward bishops and their counselors, ward clerks, and the presidents and their counselors, secretaries and class leaders of all priesthood quorums within the stake.

Saturday 8 p. m.—Meeting of all the Priesthood of the Stake in quorum departments. Reassembly at 9:10 p. m.

Program of Meetings

Saturday 10 a. m.—Meeting of visiting members of general authorities with president of the stake and his counselors, high council, including alternate members, stake clerk, patriarchs, ward bishops and their counselors, ward clerk, and the presidents and their counselors, secretaries and class leaders of all priesthood quorums within the stake.

1. Singing.
2. Prayer.
3. Topic, "Organization of the Priesthood for Service" (10 minutes) ..... Stake President
4. Topic, "Utilization of the Lesser Priesthood in Ward Work" (10 minutes) ..... A Bishop
5. Topic. "Specific Benefits Derived from Patriarchal Blessings" (10 minutes) ..... A Patriarch
6. Topic, "Enumeration and Explanation in Detail of the Duties and Opportunities of a Presidency of a Priesthood Quorum" (15 minutes) ..... A President of a Quorum
7. Topic, "Priesthood Class Work" (15 minutes) ..... A Priesthood Class Leader
8. Instruction ..... Visiting Member of General Authorities
9. Singing.
10. Benediction.

Saturday 2:00 p. m.—Meeting of all the Priesthood of the Stake.

1. Singing.
2. Prayer.

Separation into the Following Departments:

HIGH PRIESTS

1. Topic, "The Rights, Obligations, and Opportunities of Presidency" (20 minutes) ..... A High Priest
2. Discussion ..... led by a Member Previously Appointed

SEVENTIES

Subject: The Calling of the Seventy and the Order of His Priesthood

1. Topic, "Organization of the Seventy (10 minutes) ..... A Quorum President
2. Topic, "Duties of the Seventies" (10 minutes) ..... A Seventy
3. Topic, "Preparation for and Rendering Service as a Seventy" (10 minutes) ..... Member of Committee of High Council
4. Discussion (20 minutes) ..... led by a Quroum President

ELDERS

1. Topic, "How May the Elder's Quorum Function to
   a. Better Prepare Young Men for Missions? (10 minutes) ..... An Elder
   b. Better Prepare Young Men for Marriage in the Temple (10 minutes) ..... An Elder
2. Discussion ..... led by Member Previously Appointed

PRIESTS

1. Topic, "Quorum Organization, Ward Duties and Training for the Ministry" ..... A Priest
2. Discussion ..... Led by One Previously Appointed

TEACHERS

1. Topic, "Quorum Organization, Ward Duties and Local Ministry" ..... A Teacher

2. Discussion .....led by One Previously Appointed

DEACONS

1. Topic, "Quorum Organization, Ward Duties and Field of Service".....A Deacon

2. Discussion .....led by One Previously Appointed

Reassembly at 3:10 p. m.

3. Instructions .....Visiting Member of the General Authorities
4. Singing.
5. Benediction.

Sunday 10:00 a. m.—Stake Conference Session, Devoted to Priesthood Program.

1. Singing, A Priesthood Chorus. 2. Prayer. 3. Singing, A Priesthood Chorus.
4. Topic, "Faith Promoting Incidents Illustrative of the Power of the Priesthood Exercised Both in Individual and Quorum Capacity:"
   a. (7 minutes), A High Priest. b. (7 minutes), A Deacon. c. (7 minutes), A Seventy. d. (7 minutes), A Teacher. e. (7 minutes), An Elder. f. (7 minutes), A Priest.
5. Singing, A Priesthood Chorus. 6. Remarks, Visiting Member of General Authorities. 7. Singing. 8. Benediction.

NOTE: The music for this session of the Convention is to be furnished by the Priesthood quorums of the stake. It is desired that a musical number, preferably a male chorus, shall be rendered by a group of singers, a full quorum if possible, from each of the six divisions of the Priesthood (High Priests, Seventies, Elders, Priests, Teachers, Deacons); Priests and Teachers in one group if necessary. If Priesthood choruses are available, selections may be rendered between responses "c" and "d" and between "d" and "e" as outlined. Where choruses cannot be prepared, quartets may be substituted. Group singing by Priesthood organizations is to be encouraged. Of course, the selections of songs should be such as to be suitable and to prevent duplication.

The Melchizedek Priesthood Study

Subject: Doctrines of the Church. Text: *A Study of the Articles of Faith.*

LESSON 9: BAPTISM

Text: Chapter 6.

Main topics: Purpose of baptism; fitness of the individual to receive the ordinance; and the great fact that baptism is essential to salvation.

LESSON 10: BAPTISM, (Continued)

Text: Chapter 7, pages 137-145.

Note the importance of observing the prescribed manner or mode of administering the ordinance. Specify the requisite authority. Memorize the words to be used in baptizing.

LESSON 11: BAPTISM FOR THE DEAD

Text: Chapter 7, pages 145-155.

Emphasize the fact that as baptism is essential to salvation it is required of the unbaptized dead as well as of the living. Consider carefully the ministry of Jesus Christ among the dead. Cite scriptural support of the doctrine of vicarious service by the living for the dead. Consider the purpose of temples in this connection.

Mutual Work

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, December, 1924

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Recreation	Scout Work	"M" Men	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Mtgs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Bear River	10	7	10	10	9	6	10	6	10	10	88
Beaver	10	10	10	8	10	10	10	---	10	10	88
Benson	10	6	8	6	7	9	8	4	6	8	72
Box Elder	8	10	9	10	5	10	10	6	10	10	88
Cache	10	7	7	8	8	10	9	4	10	10	83
Carbon	8	4	10	6	6	10	4	4	9	9	70
Cottonwood	9	9	8	7	10	10	6	8	10	7	84
Deseret	10	9	8	5	3	10	10	9	7	8	79
Duchesne	5	10	9	2	5	10	4	5	5	10	65
Emery	10	10	7	6	6	10	4	3	9	8	73
Ensign	7	10	10	10	10	10	5	4	10	10	86
Garfield	9	5	5	2	---	10	3	1	4	9	48
Granite	9	10	10	10	10	10	7	5	10	10	91
Grant	7	7	10	10	10	10	6	5	10	10	85
Gunnison	10	10	7	3	8	10	9	8	10	10	85
Hyrum	8	6	10	10	8	10	9	8	10	7	86
Jordan	10	6	8	4	5	8	8	5	8	9	71
Juab	10	10	8	6	8	10	10	7	9	9	87
Kanab	10	10	10	5	5	10	10	8	10	10	88
Liberty	10	9	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	98
Logan	10	10	10	10	9	9	9	7	10	9	93
Millard	6	7	9	8	5	10	8	8	6	7	74
Morgan	10	10	4	7	10	9	8	9	8	8	83
Mount Ogden	9	9	10	5	9	10	10	5	10	10	87
Nebo	8	7	5	9	8	5	3	5	7	7	64
North Davis	8	5	10	10	9	10	10	10	9	10	91
North Sanpete	9	6	8	10	6	10	7	5	10	7	78
North Sevier	10	10	10	8	5	10	4	6	10	8	81
North Weber	8	8	7	7	4	8	7	10	10	8	77
Ogden	8	6	10	10	10	10	9	9	10	10	92
Oquirrh	10	5	10	6	6	10	10	10	10	10	87
Parowan	7	10	7	10	4	10	7	6	2	5	68
Pioneer	7	6	10	10	9	10	5	5	10	7	79
St. George	10	9	7	4	5	8	5	5	2	9	64
Salt Lake	8	10	10	9	10	10	8	7	10	10	92
San Juan	10	10	8	3	5	10	10	8	8	8	80
Sevier	10	10	10	8	9	10	9	9	8	10	93
South Davis	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	6	10	10	94
South Sanpete	10	7	10	6	9	10	10	6	9	10	87
South Sevier	9	5	6	3	4	10	4	6	10	10	67
Tintic	8	8	6	4	2	8	7	5	8	8	64
Uintah	5	10	8	3	7	8	7	1	7	4	60
Utah	9	10	9	7	8	10	8	6	9	8	84
Wasatch	10	10	10	4	9	10	7	8	10	8	86
Wayne	10	6	10	10	10	10	5	5	10	5	81
Weber	8	8	7	7	8	8	6	8	10	10	80
Bear Lake	10	10	9	9	10	10	7	4	6	8	73
Bingham	10	9	8	9	9	9	9	10	8	8	89
Blackfoot	8	6	10	5	9	10	9	2	10	10	79

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Recreation	Scout Work	"M" Men	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Mtgs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Burley	10	9	8	6	8	10	10	8	8	10	87
Cassia	10	6	10	10	8	10	7	10	8	8	87
Franklin	10	8	9	10	4	10	10	7	9	10	87
Fremont	10	10	10	10	7	9	9	10	10	10	95
Lost River	10	9	10	5	7	10	9	4	10	9	83
Malad	10	10	10	10	9	10	9	10	10	10	98
Minidoka	10	9	9	7	6	10	6	8	8	7	80
Montpelier	10	10	10	4	4	10	10	9	9	9	85
Oneida	6	5	10	9	10	10	9	10	10	8	87
Pocatello	10	5	9	10	9	10	7	9	8	9	86
Portneuf	8	10	6	3	2	10	2	3	5	5	54
Raft River	9	9	3	----	4	5	4	6	4	2	46
Rigby	8	10	8	10	6	10	7	4	10	10	83
Shelley	10	8	9	8	9	9	8	8	7	9	85
Twin Falls	10	5	10	8	6	10	4	5	10	6	74
Yellowstone	10	9	10	3	7	9	6	7	8	9	78
Alberta	10	7	6	10	9	9	9	8	6	8	82
Juarez	10	10	10	5	8	9	9	9	10	10	90
Lethbrige	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	98
Los Angeles	10	10	9	9	10	10	9	8	10	10	95
Maricopa	10	10	10	8	6	10	9	7	10	10	90
St. Johns	10	10	5	3	----	5	5	4	4	4	50
St. Joseph	10	9	10	7	----	10	5	2	5	8	66
Snowflake	7	6	7	7	2	10	9	10	3	7	68
Star Valley	10	10	10	10	7	10	10	10	9	10	96
Taylor	10	7	7	10	9	10	10	10	8	10	91
Woodruff	8	6	7	4	3	9	4	8	2	5	56
Young	9	4	2	----	2	5	3	2	2	4	33
Calif. Mission	10	10	8	2	3	10	8	6	5	8	70
N. W. States	10	10	8	1	----	10	8	6	----	6	59

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, December, 1924

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Ad. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Ad. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Bear River	488	12	10	91	180	133	10	132	546	59	78	75	4	70	286
Beaver	289	5	5	43	79	60	35	80	293	41	65	57	20	70	253
Benson	758	13	13	123	130	182	92	207	734	90	62	92	50	140	434
Box Elder	800	13	11	91	262	108	33	202	696	67	147	93	25	136	468
Cache	520	8	8	90	50	157	----	229	526	61	37	77	----	140	315
Carbon	564	10	5	49	103	65	22	221	460	27	51	26	13	52	169
Cottonwood	681	10	10	103	72	219	----	216	610	74	29	134	----	148	385
Deseret	435	12	12	95	205	129	72	135	636	62	108	63	39	63	335
Duchesne	318	10	6	35	41	39	----	56	171	29	41	20	----	33	123
Emery	555	10	10	81	68	198	----	233	580	63	47	136	----	209	455
Ensign	915	8	7	58	104	210	33	228	633	42	62	133	22	179	438
Garfield	277	8	6	42	69	73	----	66	250	30	26	36	----	49	141
Granite	911	9	9	94	115	218	90	274	791	76	47	158	56	187	524
Grant	1158	11	11	116	101	182	109	298	806	83	35	92	47	151	408
Gunnison	288	6	6	54	48	68	37	82	289	44	26	48	21	54	193
Hyrum	500	10	8	75	131	99	----	133	438	48	61	57	----	75	241
Jordan	862	16	14	118	146	241	----	359	864	81	79	114	----	222	496
Juab	343	5	5	44	116	113	----	132	405	37	69	72	----	72	250

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Ad. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Ad. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Liberty	1206	12	12	125	255	338	90	372	1180	103	138	188	53	267	749
Logan	608	11	11	118	104	151	.....	209	582	98	63	111	.....	145	417
Millard	570	9	7	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Morgan	197	8	7	58	105	24	12	80	279	35	70	16	9	64	194
Mount Ogden	599	8	8	71	100	153	23	192	539	55	33	82	113	124	317
Nebo	972	15	12	117	147	200	63	297	824	68	77	104	32	164	445
North Davis	450	7	6	61	63	118	6	110	358	44	24	51	5	66	190
North Sanpete	756	10	9	72	102	140	111	237	662	68	70	65	30	112	345
North Sevier	256	6	6	43	82	71	14	59	269	33	49	41	7	47	177
North Weber	713	17	14	101	87	200	.....	199	587	69	35	104	.....	117	325
Ogden	796	10	9	83	122	208	.....	186	599	68	55	114	.....	117	354
Oquirrh	420	5	5	54	65	95	52	152	418	40	22	43	26	60	191
Parowan	389	8	6	47	90	50	37	39	263	28	58	34	34	27	181
Pioneer	777	10	10	99	69	176	40	189	573	78	30	110	23	114	355
St. George	660	15	13	119	182	235	93	139	768	87	83	107	48	78	403
Salt Lake	1063	12	12	138	131	164	80	347	860	113	99	123	41	203	579
San Juan	170	4	4	32	56	56	34	70	248	23	32	33	19	28	135
Sevier	360	6	6	52	59	76	27	140	354	39	38	50	22	90	239
South Davis	508	8	8	77	80	120	.....	197	480	67	40	71	.....	112	290
South Sanpete	448	7	7	58	96	150	28	134	466	43	29	89	12	69	242
South Sevier	285	7	7	53	72	43	26	67	261	35	35	24	5	36	135
Tintic	254	5	4	30	66	31	.....	79	206	21	27	14	.....	41	103
Uintah	514	9	8	72	62	60	.....	64	258	52	53	52	.....	56	213
Utah	1000	15	15	129	138	232	.....	440	939	105	74	156	.....	300	635
Wasatch	311	9	7	47	105	105	.....	86	343	36	67	79	.....	56	238
Wayne	117	6	5	29	26	58	13	57	183	22	7	34	.....	30	93
Weber	649	8	8	87	94	146	.....	232	559	53	45	67	.....	119	284
Bear Lake	363	11	11	72	85	96	.....	119	372	65	50	64	.....	74	253
Bingham	530	11	10	91	167	130	50	155	593	67	99	78	36	81	361
Blackfoot	514	11	7	74	120	72	42	85	393	52	65	42	20	80	259
Burley	321	9	9	72	130	83	5	124	414	60	68	48	4	72	252
Cassia	169	5	5	43	76	22	42	53	236	30	39	14	24	30	137
Franklin	420	11	11	108	135	116	18	153	530	75	69	62	13	64	283
Fremont	687	13	13	119	198	192	123	128	760	85	117	120	69	86	477
Lost River	120	4	4	27	37	39	.....	37	140	19	16	34	.....	19	88
Malad	350	8	8	70	74	89	.....	114	347	53	52	67	.....	79	251
Minidoka	223	8	8	65	84	52	8	75	284	50	42	31	6	33	162
Montpelier	345	12	12	83	126	86	28	132	455	71	70	45	19	89	294
Oneida	356	11	5	38	65	42	14	66	225	24	28	27	7	37	123
Pocatello	473	10	10	108	102	129	22	139	500	69	43	65	11	85	273
Portneuf	350	11	7	56	67	34	48	33	238	39	37	30	31	30	167
Raft River	160	8	6	27	58	33	.....	32	150	22	32	19	.....	16	89
Rigby	500	14	10	92	107	106	.....	99	404	64	72	47	.....	85	268
Shelley	335	9	8	76	96	79	35	74	360	53	51	55	28	35	222
Twin Falls	194	7	5	34	56	63	62	.....	215	19	24	35	.....	34	112
Yellowstone	236	10	6	42	74	60	14	58	248	29	42	28	7	33	139
Alberta	346	11	11	94	114	150	32	149	539	62	47	82	20	93	304
Juarez	115	10	10	30	78	39	11	70	228	26	37	11	50	33	159
Lethbridge	245	9	8	59	76	65	27	52	279	46	60	26	20	36	188
Los Angeles	400	16	16	125	165	254	190	.....	734	102	152	215	162	.....	631
Maricopa	373	8	8	75	177	97	55	107	511	55	95	60	33	76	319
St. Johns	145	6	3	20	35	49	16	42	162	17	27	34	14	32	124
St. Joseph	507	16	11	94	112	138	.....	144	488	64	70	85	.....	88	307
Snowflake	280	10	6	32	71	17	20	65	205	24	43	10	10	47	134
Star Valley	366	11	10	107	61	81	31	86	366	85	50	77	22	80	314
Taylor	316	6	6	62	99	85	54	122	422	44	48	54	50	57	253
Woodruff	435	8	7	56	105	82	6	112	316	44	62	50	5	53	214
Young	102	4	2	20	25	21	.....	30	96	8	12	6	.....	11	37
Calif. Mission	707	29	21	186	296	198	.....	161	814	165	238	138	.....	124	665
N. W. States	.....	16	16	76	139	34	18	28	295	68	101	23	18	16	226

Passing Events

The population of Salt Lake City at the end of 1924 was estimated at 141,732, by the Chamber of Commerce.

Snow covered Salt Lake Valley, on December 23, to a depth of 17.1 inches. This is said to be the deepest in the history of the valley.

Secretary of State, Hughes resigned, Jan 10, 1925, the resignation to take effect on March 4. The U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain, Frank B. Kellog, is named as his successor.

Indians vs. the government. The Ponca Indians, of Oklahoma, formed a tribal council, Jan. 11, for the purpose of suing the United States for $11,000,000, a sum which they claim the government is owing them for former tribal lands in South Dakota and Nebraska.

The conference on financial questions, growing out of the war expenses, was opened in Paris, Jan. 7, with representatives of twelve allied and associated nations present. Frank B. Kellog, American ambassador to Great Britain, Ambassador Herrick and James A. Logan, Jr., are the American delegates.

Sanocrysine is the name of a cure for tuberculosis. It is a salt of gold which has been developed by Prof. Holger Moellgaard, a Danish scientist. Dr. Peter C. Clemensen, of Chicago, who went to Copenhagen, to study the remedy, endorses it in his report to the Chicago health department.

The expenditures of the State of Utah for the year ending Nov. 30, 1924, totals $10,534,288.86, and of this amount $4,996,020.34 was spent for education and $3,032,395.63 for highways, especially automobile roads. The expenditures for "general government purposes" was $2,357,114.12.

The 16th legislature of Utah convened Jan. 12, in Salt Lake City. In the senate, Senator A. B. Irvine was elected president unanimously, and in the house Representative William E. McKell was elected speaker, also unamimously. Both are residents of Salt Lake City. Governor George H. Dern, delivered his message in person before the legislature at 2 p. m. on Tuesday, 13th.

The initial number of The Wasatch Ward Broadcaster made its appearance on Jan. 1, this year. It contains New Years' Greetings by the Bishopric, a good deal of ward news, and some reading in lighter vein. Bishop Isaac Thunell is the manager, and John C. McFarlane the editor. The paper is to appear monthly in the interests of the people of the ward.

Sara Lavina Cluff, wife of George Albert Cluff, Provo, passed away, Jan. 11, as the result of a protracted illness. She was born in Provo, May 8, 1871, daughter of the late Bishop James A. and Mary Britton Loveless, one of the pioneer families of the city. She was a devout Latter-day Saint, serving as a teacher in the primary associations and also in the Relief Society.

Governor George H. Dern and other Utah state officials were inducted into office Jan. 5, the oath of office being administered by Chief Justice Valentine Gideon. Governor Dern has been spoken of as the first "gentile" governor of the State. It so happens that Gov. Bamberger was an adherent of the Mosaic faith, and that Governors Wells, Cutler, Spry and Mabey were members of the "Mormon" Church.

Hazing at the University of Utah is said to have proved fatal in the case of a student named Reginald Stringfellow, who died of meningitis, Jan. 6. That is to say, officers are inclined to believe that the sickness was due to a ducking he received some time ago by fellow students. Investigation has been instituted by the county authorities and the university, and the student body have decided to abandon hazing.

Prof. D. H. Robinson of the L. D. S. University died, Dec. 27, 1924, of pneumonia, after an operation. He was born April 28, 1865, at Pleasant Grove, where he resided until 1905, when he moved to Manti. After thirteen years' residence there he came to Salt Lake, where he has since resided. Besides his widow, he is survived by one son and three daughters all of Salt Lake. He has been prominent in educational circles for over 30 years.

Correspondence Courses in Theology—Five courses in the theology of "Mormonism" are now offered by mail from the Extension Division of the Brigham Young University. These courses are "Doctrine and Discourse" (three courses of fifteen lessons each), "Essentials in Church History," and "Genealogy and Temple Work." Each course carries two hours of college credit, and is charged for to missionaries at the rate of $1 for each course. To others the price of each course is $3.

The co-eds exceed the number of boys in the B. Y. U. for the first time, according to John E. Hayes, registrar of the institution. The student body has been evenly divided between the women and the men, Mr. Hayes declared today. "Two years ago there were exactly the same number of women as men; usually however, the men have predominated by a very narrow margin except once or twice during the World War when the women out-numbered them a little. Just now, however, the women predominate."

An alliance between the United States and Great Britain is unofficially announced from Washington in a press dispatch dated Dec. 19, 1924. It is called a "tacit alliance, particularly in the region of the Pacific Ocean." That is said to be "the key to the policy of the Coolidge administration in regard to the development and maintenance of the American navy." It is given out that this "alliance" has existed since the Washington arms conference. Nothing is said in the dispatch about George Washington's well-known views on "entangling alliances."

William Reed Horizon Paxman died, Jan. 8, 1925, at a hospital in Salt Lake City. Mr. Paxman was born on June 13, 1856, on the ship *Horizon,* bound from England to America. In early days he lived at American Fork, engaged in the molasses business. He later moved to St. George and helped build the St. George temple. He married Urilda Moody on January 16, 1879. She died nine years ago. He later married her sister, Mrs. Margaret Cliff, who survives him, as do one son and three daughters, all of Provo. Twenty-three grandchildren also survive him.

A heavey snowstorm struck northern Utah on Dec. 21, 1924 adding considerably to the supply of moisture in the mountains. At Brighton 49 inches of snow was reported, and the snow was still falling. From Ogden the heaviest snowfall on record was reported Dec. 22. In some places it was four feet deep, after a continuous fall of 30 hours. The storm formed over the Pacific Coast on Dec. 20, moved east-ward and became general over western Nevada and northern Utah. Mail traffic east and west was held up. The temperature rose during the storm from below zero to 20 or 21 degrees above.

A cold Christmas day was reported from many places in the United States. At Salt Lake City the "official" temperature was 6.2 degrees below zero between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning, but at several points the

thermometer indicated 10 below. At Delta, 27 below was reported, and at Brigham City 20 below. At Elko, Nev., the temperature reached 46 degrees below zero. In Chicago street reading showed from 10 to 15 below, and freezing temperatures were registered as far south as the Gulf Coast. Marks below the freezing point were recorded from one end to the other on the Pacific slope. Spokane had 5 below. The coldest recorded in California was 5 below at Yreka in the mountains.

Death to deadly microbes has been discovered at the University of Minnesota, says a Minneapolis dispatch of Dec. 28. Dr. Robert S. Green is the discoverer. The ultramicrobes, we are told, which live as parasites on disease bacteria, have been isolated and made into a serum so deadly that one drop of the liquid, it is declared, will kill the most highly developed culture of pneumonia, typhoid fever, diptheria, dysentry, anthrax or chicken cholera. One drop has been diluted one million times, and one drop of the dilution has killed the strongest disease bacteria within a few hours. The dilution process has been repeated three times, and still the power of the ultramicrobe has been sufficient to kill the strongest of disease bacteria.

New Stakes Organized—Kolob stake was organized Nov. 23, 1924, the president chosen being George Ray Maycock These wards comprise the Kolob stake: Springville 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th wards, Mapelton, Thistle and Soldier Summit, formally of the Utah stake.

Palmyra stake was also organized on the same day: president, Henry A. Gardner. These wards comprise Palmyra stake: Spanish Fork 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th wards, Leland, Salem, Lake Shore, and Palmyra, formerly of the Nebo stake.

New stake presidents during Nov: Nebo stake, Lee R. Taylor, president; San Luis stake, James P. Jensen, president; Young stake, Elmer E. Taylor, president.

The Hooper-Eldredge building was destroyed by fire Christmas morning, and a number of adjacent houses on Main St., Salt Lake City, were at the same time reduced to ruins. The fire is supposed to have started in the Hazelwood Cafe, and from there to have spread in both directions. For five hours the firemen fought the flames heroically in a temperature that was somewhat below zero, and then the flames were under perfect control. Nine stores had been destroyed and a moving-picture theater entrance damaged. In other stores some damage had been done to the contents by smoke and water. But it was only the efficient and energetic work of the firemen that prevented the Christmas blaze from becoming still more destructive. It was feared at one time that the Z. C. M. I. might be reached by the flames. The total damage was estimated at $150,000.

Henry F. McCune, Salt Lake City, passed away, Dec. 15, 1924, after a month's illness. He was born in Calcutta, in the year 1840, where his father, who was an officer in the British army was stationed. He came to Utah in 1857, and made his home in Nephi, where he lived until 18 years ago, when he moved to Salt Lake. Mr. McCune served in the Indian war during the Indian troubles in the vicinity of Nephi, and while in that town was active in civic affairs there, having at one time served as city councilman. After coming to Salt Lake, he engaged largely in temple work. He was a patriarch in the Liberty stake. He is survived by his widow, Elizabeth Grace McCune, and eleven sons and daughters. Funeral services were held in the Assembly Hall, Dec. 18, 1924. The speakers were Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, Pres. Hugh J. Cannon. Pres. A. W. Ivins, and President Heber J. Grant.

George Buckle, for fifty years employed in the *Deseret News* bindery, died Dec. 18, in a local hospital. The previous Sunday evening he retired

seemingly in good health, but the next morning he was found unconscious. He was taken to a hospital, where he passed away. He was born in Manchester, England, in 1859, and accompanied his parents to Australia when a boy. They remained there until 1872 when they came to America, settling in San Francisco. When the deceased arrived in Salt Lake City, he entered the services of the *News*, in the bindery, and remained there till February, 1924. For six years he was a member of the Salt Lake City council, under the administration of Mayor John Clark, and Mayor James Glendenning. For two years he was president of the City council. In 1882 he was married to Miss Esther E. Long, by whom he had four children. Mrs. Buckle died about a year ago and he had lived with his daughter since.

Mrs. Eliza Saville Neslen, mother of Mayor C. Clarence Neslen of Salt Lake City, died Dec. 21, at the age of 77 years. She was the widow of Robert F. Neslen, who died in 1912. Her surviving children, in addition to Mayor Neslen, are Robert Edgar Neslen, Albert E. Neslen, Alice Louise Neslen and Mrs. Bessie M. Judges. Mrs. Neslen was born in Hartfordshire, England, October 29, 1847, and came to Utah in 1871 with her parents, Josiah Saville and Mary Ann Wright Saville. Two weeks after she reached Salt Lake she married Robert F. Neslen, and from that time on her home was in the twentieth ward. In England, before coming to this country she was a school teacher, and to her fine qualities of heart had added other valuable and attractive attainments. From the start she became active in Relief Society work and other charitable activities. This and her social gifts extended her circle of friends far beyond the ward in which she lived.

James Morehead Brown, oldest resident of Ogden, died there, Dec. 26, a little more than 90 years of age. Mr. Brown was born in Brown county, Illinois, November 17, 1834, and came to Utah in September, 1848. His father, Captain Brown, who obtained that title as a member of the Mormon Battalion, acquired the tract of land between Weber canyon and Hot Springs under a Spanish grant held by Miles Goodyear, old-time trapper. The purchase was made by Captain Brown with money he drew from the army, and the consideration for this section, now worth several millions of dollars, was approximately $3000. Mr. Brown was married to Adelaide Exeravid on July 24, 1855, and eleven children were born to them, of which only one, the oldest daughter, Mrs. Phoebe Shaubut of Deer Lodge, Mont., is living. Among the children was the late Bishop Moroni Brown of the First ward. After Mrs. Brown's death Mr. Brown married Matilda Hornsby in 1902, who survives. He leaves twenty-three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Thomas A. Hooper died at his home in Salt Lake City, Jan. 2, 1925, 73 years of age. He came to Utah while in his teens, and began work as one of the freighters between Salt Lake and St. George. Later he entered the employ of the Davis and Howe Machine Co., where he remained for fifty years. He then was employed by the Deseret Book Company, until he retired on account of failing health. He married Emily S. Aubrey on October 23, 1876, four of the children from this union surviving: These are T. Albert Hooper, manager of the Deseret Book Company; Aiaminta H. Porter, Aubrey W. of the Salt Lake Hardware company, and Stanley E. of the Utah-Idaho School Supply company; also Mrs. Hooper and fifteen grandchildren survive him, and also three brothers, Edward G. of San Bernardino, Cal., Samuel of Annabella, Utah, and George of Las Vegas, Nev., and one sister, Mrs. Ellen H. Earle, of Mount View, Canada. Mr. Hooper was a devoted Church worker, and for about forty years was a member of the tabernacle choir, having been a member under Professors Careless, Beesley and Stephens.

Elder David O. McKay and Mrs. McKay returned home to Ogden, Dec. 21, from England where for the last two years he has presided over the European mission. He says there are now about 500 young men in the mission, and they are all doing a good work. During his mission, he visited Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Germany, Holland, Switzerland and Armenia where the Church has headquarters in Alepo, Syria. He also made his second visit to the Holy Land and to Egypt. The prejudice rampant in England, he says, against the Church is waning. The respectable newspapers in England are refusing to print stories of scandal mongers and there are many people in England who desire a correct view of Utah and its people. As something unique in the history of the mission it can be stated that George Gordon Campbell, a Salt Lake man, who is returning from his third mission to Scotland, celebrated his 80th birthday on the boat. The rough sea threw Mr. Campbell against the side of the boat on the trip, straining the muscles of his back, from which he has just recovered. In the party with Elder McKay were 20 returning missionaries.

Funeral services for the remains of Dr. Seymour B. Young, senior president in the first Council of Seventy, were held in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, Friday, Dec. 19, in the presence of a large assembly. Pres. Heber J. Grant presided. The rostrum was decorated with a profusion of beautiful flowers. Music was furnished under direction of A. C. Lund, with J. J. McClellan, accompanist. The invocation was offered by Patriarch Hyrum G. Smith and the benediction was pronounced by Bishop Charles W. Nibley. The grave in City Cemetery was dedicated by Rulon S. Wells of the first council of seventy. In his remarks President Heber J. Grant who conducted the services, said he was sure Dr. Young would receive on the other side the great reward merited by his life here. He read a detailed account of the life of Dr. Young. Other speakers were President Anthony W. Ivins, Dr. George W. Middleton, Elder George Albert Smith of the Council of the Twelve and J. Golden Kimball of the first council of seventy. Active pallbearers were Levi Edgar Young, Seymour B. Young, Jr., Clifford Young, Willard Arnold, Melvin D. Wells and Orson M. Rogers, sons and sons-in-laws of President Young. J. Golden Kimball, Rulon S. Wells, Joseph W. McMurrin and Charles S. Hart of the first council of seventies were honorary pallbearers.

President David H. Cannon, of the St. George Temple, passed to the great Beyond, Dec. 24, at his home in St. George. He was born at Liverpool, England, April 23, 1838, the son of George and Ann Quayle Cannon. The family sailed for America, Sept. 17, 1842. The mother died Oct. 28 on the Atlantic, and on reaching New Orleans, the family was delayed by sickness in their journey to Nauvoo. The father died Aug. 17, 1844. David was with his father, when he made the death masks of the martyred prophet and patriarch. In 1849 he arrived in Utah, in the care of Charles Lambert, who had been appointed his guardian. In 1850 he became an apprentice of the *Deseret News,* when Willard Richards was its editor and Horace K. Whitney the foreman. In 1856 he went on a mission to California. After many adventures and miraculous manifestations of Providence, he arrived in San Francisco on July 8. He worked mostly as a typesetter in the office of *The Standard,* of which his brother, George Q. Cannon, was the editor. On the approach of Johnstons' army in 1857, he was called home and reached Salt Lake City Jan. 1, 1858. On Jan. 15, 1859, he married Wilhelmina Mousley, and the same year went on a mission to England. When he returned home, he was called to assist in colonizing Utah's Dixie. With his family he left Salt Lake City Nov. 3, 1861, and arrived at the old camp ground Dec. 3 the same year. The town was then laid out. On Jan. 9, 1877, he was called by President Brigham Young to labor in the St. George temple. On Feb. 21, 1893, he was called

to take charge of the sacred building. Funeral services were held in the St. George Tabernacle, Dec. 28, under the direction of the Fourth ward bishopric. The body was borne from the family residence to the Tabernacle, a block and a half away, by the ball bearers composed of his sons and grandsons. The home from which the body was carried is the same spot on which Pres. Cannon and his family settled in the winter of 1861, when the pioneers first moved on to their city lots. The Tabernacle was beautifully decorated, the floral contributions being specially noteworthy. A beautiful wreath presented by the temple workers bore the words "Our President," and was a reminder of his 47 years of service in the temple, during a larger part of which time he acted as president. The speakers were George F. Whitehead, Joseph K. Nicholes, Judge D. H. Morris, Thomas P Cottam, Prest. E. H. Snow, and bishop Miles. Bishop James McArthur offered the opening prayer and William Gardner, the benediction. The grave was dedicalted by T. Atkin. Surviving are his wives Josephine and Rhoda Cannon and a numerous posterity. All his children but four were present at the funeral. See p. 165, this number of the *Era*.

IN THE PORTLAND CHAPEL, PORTLAND, OREGON

The Mutual Improvement Association, Archie Griffin, president of the Y. M. M. I. A; Lydia Westergard, president of the Y. L. M. I. A; taken at a recent entertainment given by the Mutuals. The Association is in a thriving condition.—*Orson Haynie*, mission superintendent.

An Evensong

Savior, the day is over,
  Night draweth near;
Yet, in thy love abiding,
  We have no fear;
Eyes that are weary closing.
  Night bringeth rest,
Like tired children sleeping
  Safe on thy breast.

Savior, the strife is over,
  Death draweth near;
Yet, in thy love abiding
  Why should we fear?
Eyes that are weary closing,
  Death bringeth rest,
Like tired children sleeping
  Safe on thy breast.

MARY F. KELLY PYE.

We are always glad to receive the *Improvement Era*. It is an inspirational and uplifting magazine. It is certainly a help to us in a spiritual and educational way."—*Elder J. Leland Anderson*, of the Norwegian mission, Christiania, Norway.

The *Improvement Era* is greatly appreciated. We look forward for each number, full of valuable information, gospel thoughts and sermons. It is read with much interest by investigators as well as the Saints. The *Era* rouses an interest in the hearts of the people, which, we feel, could not be attained in any other way.—*George R. Woolley*, Topeka, president East Kansas conference.

The value of the *Era* in our missionary activities can hardlv be estimated, as the articles contain so much of the Kernel of the gospel and teem with spirituality. The *Era* is thoroughly appreciated by our missionaries, Saints and investigators.—*Paul C. Kimball*, secretary of the Canadian Mission, Toronto, Ont.

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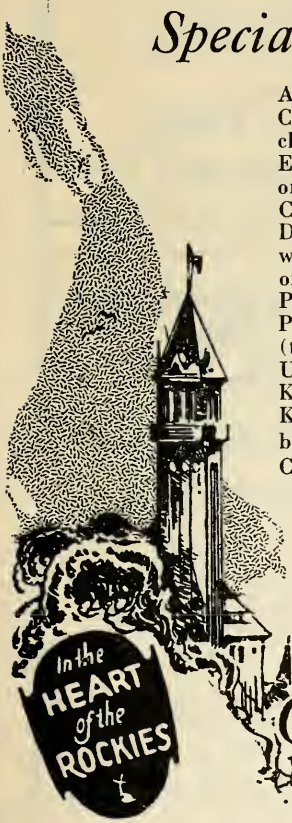

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